John Podhoretz
Alger Hiss, Matinée Idol

R. Bruce McColm
Why Castro Wears Army Boots

THE AMERICAN SPECTATOR®

VOL. 13 MAY 1980 NO. 5

W. Scott Thompson: Carter's Phony War

Tom Bethell: Razing Keynes

Malcolm Muggeridge: When Utopias Fail

The Travels of Parson Anderson

$1.00
FOR ONE COPY

A MONTHLY REVIEW
EDITED BY R. EMMETT TYRRELL, JR.

$12.00
BY THE YEAR

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE CONTINUING CRISIS

• March 7 to April 4, and it is now numbingly apparent that America is governed by an imbecile. Did you note his flummoxing of the UN vote condemning Israel? Did you note his March 29 letter to Iran? How about the goofball March 4 address where he inadvertently yet blithely overlooked two key pages? How about that interview with the *Washington Post*'s Meg Greenfield wherein he states that, notwithstanding an 18 percent inflation rate and 20 percent interest rates, "the people are prosperous and at ease"? Verily he is an imbecile. He entered office as a pert ignoramus. He has now evolved into dithering imbecility. His anthem, axiom, panacea, and political first principle is "There is nothing that can be done about it"; and the galoots around him applaud.

• During the Watergate Spectacle there were the episodic Watergate Revelations, each one followed by a "firestorm" in the press. Today there are the White House Blunders. They grow ever more frequent and possibly ever more idiotic. Yet there follows no Firestorm, no outburst of indignation. Is the press in a stupor? Are the boys stationed at the Washington Press Club bar as imbecilic as the dolt in the Oval Office? There should be a howl from every editorial column. There should be a Firestorm accorded every blunder. What has happened to our venerated Fourth Estate?

• The Carter administration's UN vote was an egregious breach of faith with a responsible and reliable ally. All the world knows that. Still a lawfully constituted government simply does not renounce its vote by saying ever so vulpinely that it resulted from a "failure in communications." All the world knows that, too. And that sniveling, idiotic epistle that the Wonderboy sent to Iran, that was an almost unimaginable blunder. But to turn around the next day and disown the letter—that was the blunder that set all Europe agog. Where is the Firestorm?

• Europe is shocked. It is more shocked by these White House Blunders than by any of the Watergate Revelations. When will our press report their shock and their steady drift away from their North American ally? When will the domestic Firestorms begin? In terms of international relations the Wonderboy's Blunders are more dangerous than the Watergate Revelations. One merely has to read the foreign press to grasp this terrible fact.

• • •

• Another contributor to the classified section of the *New York Review of Books* may be in trouble. Police in Leeds, England, have discovered a mass grave containing at least 250 pet cats and dogs. In sports news, the Carter constituency fell into the mulligrubs when Mr. Rip Howell, a 23-year-old geology major from the University of Southwestern Louisiana, failed halfway through his attempt to spend 34 hours seated in a tub of ketchup. A frankly gleeful story in from the New China News Agency reports that a Marxist-Leninist telephone operator in northeast China has completed her 590,000th call without error or complaint. A microphone in Stockholm, Sweden, sprang to life and electrocuted the Rev. Kaarlo Toivo as he was about to begin a full-immersion baptism. According to reports from Latin America, one of the most highly regarded gate-crashers in the world, Mr. José Antonio Valencia, came a cropper when he smuggled himself into that ill-starred reception at the Dominican Republic Embassy in Bogota, Colombia. Not 30 minutes after Mr. Valencia had grasped his first canapé, the Embassy was overrun by the heroic urban guerrillas of the April 19 Movement. At this writing the suave Mr. Valencia, along with nearly 20 ambassadors, languishes in their stern grip, and no one, not even Senator Kennedy, seems to care.

• Otherwise Senator Kennedy cares deeply. Throughout the month he continued to whine and to blubber across America, maundering over the plight of the poor and fuliginous and threatening retribution to the privileged few—that is to say, to the taxpayers. Wherever he does go he conjures up scenes of squalor and destitution: chimney sweeps hornswoggled by tycoons, children orphaned for the fun of it, the aged driven from their homes by smirking bankers, cabals of white supremicists oppressing woebegone darkies. It is a sad tale. Dickens could scarcely improve on it.

• In Aberdeen, Scotland, justice was served when Mr. Alexander Webster, estranged husband of Mrs. Irene Webster, was fined 50 pounds by Sheriff Philip Love. It was Mr. Webster who, during a family tiff last May, petulantly heated up a skillet coated with lard, and, in the presence of Mrs. Webster and her friend, Miss Janice Morrison, brazenly sautéd the family hamster. "I had a few drinks and was feeling a bit low so I just fried the thing," Mr. Webster admitted. The terror ended when he heaved the unfortunate *Cricetus minimus* from the verandah of his top-floor flat. It was never seen again. Back in the States, the sexual harassment of women is reaching crisis dimensions, so much so that the editors of *Ms.* are losing faith in the system. On March 12, another female coal miner, Mrs. Eleanor R. Bowen of Mingo County, West Virginia, died in the line of duty; and in Moline, Illinois, John Deere & Co. summarily fired Miss Jodi Stutz when it was discovered that she in her innocent curiosity had used the company's new Xerox machine to photocopy her naked rump. Finally in Detroit, Michigan, those two policewomen who had chastely refused to assist a male colleague when he was attacked by a nude man burning money were dismissed from the force—the first dismissals for cowardice in the city's history.

• Consumerists in Abilene, Texas, were singing "I Told You So" when it was learned that the Southwestern Bell Telephone Company had inadvertently listed the Elliott-Hamil Funeral Home in its yellow pages under "Frozen Food—Wholesale." Mr. Robert E. White, America's newly-appointed Ambassador to El Salvador, engauded the legend of the Carter administration with a stupefying speech to the San Salvador-American Chamber of Commerce. There he accused the assembled capitalist roaders of funding the rightist terrorists who he hypothesized were responsible for the March 24 assassination of Archbishop Oscar Arnulfo Romero. He then declared in stirring dudgeon that leftist leader Mr. Juan Chacon had also just been assassinated. Here was a memorable instance of Carterism with its grinning face; within hours of Mr. White's sermonics a robust and inflamed Mr. Chacon held a lively press conference, and the Yankee Colossus was again wearing grease paint and baggy pants.

• Mr. Angelo Bruno, a penniless immigrant who rose to become one of the most powerful and prosperous vending-machine salesman of all time despite almost constant harassment from the FBI, died of acute lead poisoning on March 21. Though never accepted by Philadelphia's polite society—such as it is—Mr. Bruno's funeral brought out over a thousand mourners. "He was a nice man, a good man," said Mrs. Amelia Rubolina; and Dr. Joseph Fiorello, cousin to the deceased, stated categorically, "He was one of the finest people I have ever known." Finally, the long-concealed truth is leaking out about "humane societies." In Boise, Idaho, the indigenous humane society is being sued for $261,500 for its barbarous treatment of Pup, the priceless German shepherd of Mrs. Richard Millington, a local dowager.

• Proof that champions of traditional societies can provide fresh solutions to contemporary problems comes from the remote parts of India's Uttar Pradesh state, where much concern has been registered over the lascivious ways of those local police covering sex crimes. Now the Hijra (Eunuch) Association of Basti District has formally proposed that the Uttar Pradesh state government recruit eunuchs for this sort of police work, a proposal that will doubtless inspire many a feminist on our side of antiquity.

• Finally, in Sioux Falls, South Dakota, has been found the Wonderboy's ideal Supreme Court nominee: Judge Richard Braithwaite, a confessed kleptomaniac who has pled guilty to shoplifting charges and who will be allowed to remain on the bench thanks to an understanding Circuit Court. Is it not time that kleptomaniacs too be represented on the High Court? After all, thieves now appear before the Court out of all proportion to their number in society at large.

—RET

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Editor-in-Chief
R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr.
Publisher
Ronald E. Burr
of the Saturday Evening Club
Managing Editor
Erich Eichman
Business Manager
William B. Head
Production Manager
Jan Hoffman Sharkey
Executive Secretary
Deborah S. Grubb
Circulation Manager
Susan F. Leiby
Research Director
Paul H. Vivian
Senior Editors
A. Lawrence Chickering,
Adam Meyerson, Karl O'Lessker
Art Advisor
Sheila Wolfe
New York Editor
Whit Stillman
Americana Editor
Joseph P. Duggan
Chief Saloon Correspondent
Douglas Bartholomew
Associates
Robert Asahina, Jameson G. Campaigne, Jr.,
John R. Coyne, Jr., Stephen Miller,
Alan Reynolds
Contributors
Aram Bakshian, Jr., Linda Calkins,
Christopher C. DeMuth, Terry Eastland,
Jerry Gerde, K.E. Grubbs, Jr., Neil Howe,
Roger Kaplan, William Kristol,
Leslie Lenkowski, A. James McAdams III,
Robert McTiernan, Judy Mathews,
William H. Nolte, Terry O'Rourke,
Marc F. Plattner, John Podhoretz,
Peter Rusthoven, Benjamin Stein

Legal Counsel
Solitary, Poor, Nasty, Brutish & Short

The American Spectator was founded in 1924 by George Nathan and Truman Newberry over a cheap domestic ale in McSorley's Old Ale House. In 1967 the Saturday Evening Club took it over, rechristening it *The Alternative: An American Spectator*; but by November 1977 the word "alternative" had acquired such an esoteric fragrance that in order to discourage unsolicited manuscripts from florists, beauticians, and other creative types the Club reverted to the magazine's original name. *The American Spectator* is now published monthly at 102 West Sixth Street, Bloomington, Indiana. Second class postage paid at Bloomington, Indiana, and additional mailing offices.

A one-year subscription (12 issues) costs $12, outside the United States $14. Foreign air mail rates sent on request. All correspondence (manuscripts, subscriptions, threatening letters, federal grants, etc.) should be sent to *The American Spectator*, P.O. Box 1969, Bloomington, Indiana 47402, (812) 334-2715; New York office, (212) 724-3799. Unsolicited manuscripts must be accompanied by self-addressed stamped envelopes.

Microfilm editions of *The American Spectator* are available from Xerox University Microfilms, 200 N. Zeeb Rd., Ann Arbor, MI 48106. ISSN 0148-8414.

Published remarkably without regard to sex, life-style, race, color, creed, or (most redundantly of all) national origin.

Copyright © *The American Spectator* 1980.
Volume 13, Number 5, May 1980.

C O N T E N T S

Revolution's End .....R. Bruce McColm 7
Carlos Franqui knows what the American Left has yet to learn: The Cuban Revolution is a fraud. But then, he ought to know—twenty years ago he sold the myth of the Revolution to the world.

The Phony War .....W. Scott Thompson 11
Talk is cheap. Weapons are not.

On the Threshold of the Eighties.....Malcolm Muggeridge 13
Three great utopias stand ready to fail. Leaving what?

The Four Year Itch .....John Nollson 18

Siding With Supply.....Tom Bethell 19
By razing Keynes.

DEPARTMENTS

The Continuing Crisis 2

Editorial / The Travels of Parson Anderson.....
.....R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr. 4

Capitol Ideas / Altars, Pulpits, and Knaves.....Tom Bethell 5

Presswatch / Is There Intelligence at the *Times?*.....
..... Michael Ledeen 22

The Talkies / *The Trials of Alger Hiss*.....John Podhoretz 23

The Great American Saloon Series / Frenchy's of Roselle Park.....Joe Mysak 25

Spectator's Journal..... 35

Current Wisdom.....Assorted Jackasses 37

BOOK REVIEWS

America Revised: History Schoolbooks in the Twentieth Century, by Frances FitzGerald .....Alan J. Eade 26

On a Clear Day You Can See General Motors, by Patrick Wright.....Brock Yates 28

Fortune's Child, by Lewis H. Lapham .....Mitchell S. Ross 30

Puritan Boston and Quaker Philadelphia: Two Protestant Ethics and the Spirit of Class Authority and Leadership, by E. Digby Baltzell.....Robert Nisbet 31

O My America!, by Johanna Kaplan.....Tod Lindberg 33

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

EDITORIAL

THE TRAVELS OF PARSON ANDERSON

by R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr.

Tom Wolfe, midst the drolleries and insights of his superb book, *The Right Stuff,* depicts the press metaphorically as the "Victorian Gent," the espouser of seemly sentiment. I wonder what Wolfe has made of the instantaneous eminence of candidate John Anderson, that vaguely clerical figure now wowing the Victorian Gent with poetry and pronunciamentoes on college campuses, in suburbs, in television studios—wherever Puritan sophisticates gather.

Anderson is not just well received by the press; he is reverenced. His chances of becoming the Republican nominee are just a shade more promising than those of Harold Stassen, and his chances of becoming president are only marginally better. After all, Republicans too have rights, one of which is to nominate the candidate of their choice. The second-place showings occasionally conferred on Anderson by ritualistic liberals roaming into Republican primaries will not make him the paladin of the GOP. Republicans generally are out of sympathy with him, and he is out of sympathy with them, an issue he exploits very handsomely.

Yet the Anderson bleep has suddenly filled the Victorian Gent with wholesome visions: Ronald Reagan is floundering in high seas, George Bush is going under—on comes the invincible Anderson of Illinois! This is too much. This is hallucination. Anderson has now become the candidate of good works. Americans of seemly sentiment speak of him in the same hushed tones generally reserved for UNICEF, Planned Parenthood, and the Sierra Club.

Why the solemnity? Anderson espoused right-wing orthodoxy during the debacle of 1964; he espouses goo-goo orthodoxy today, when even Jimmy Carter is starting to sound like Grover Cleveland. One gets the impression that Anderson, as a student of politics and ideas, misses things.

Nevertheless, the Victorian Gent insists that Anderson is waging "a campaign of ideas," a claim that gives the candidate pleasure, not to say exultation. Well, I have removed my hat and scrutinized the *corpus delicti.* Alas, the candidate emits much music, all of it duly composed for organ—but ideas? His reliquary contains essentially only one worthy of the fanfare we are hearing, to wit: Anderson favors a 50-cent tax on gasoline, the consequences of which would be, he insists, nothing less than miraculous, at home, abroad, everywhere.

Now this idea may be absolutely copper-bottom; surely it is audacity itself. But it will not make him the Adlai Stevenson of the 1980s, nor will it wing him into the White House. In fact, it is just the kind of idea that would assure Anderson of a brisk and painful slaughtering on November 4, were a legion of magicians to intercede and wrest the Republican nomination for him. The recently retired Prime Minister of Canada, Joe Clark, can testify to this.

A campaign of ideas? Ho ho ho. When Anderson smilingly offers himself up as a barnstorming Socrates, a Jefferson for moderns, a wallower in the ambience of the highfalutin, he approaches the outer limits of our credulity; even the Victorian Gent might be moved to doubt. "I believe," Anderson notified a Yale audience on March 6, "in the power of ideas. That's the romance, the excitement, of this campaign." This romance borders on narcissism.

Beyond his 50-cent gasoline tax, his ideas are modest, familiar, somewhat contradictory, and, in general, primly liberal. True, he is skeptical of wanton government spending and wage and price controls, but then his positions on social issues, defense, and foreign relations put one in mind of a conventional liberal and nothing more.

Of course, this is precisely what Anderson is: a conventional liberal, playing the time-honored role of liberal egghead and moralist for all it is worth. It is rather amazing that, at a time when so many reputedly wise pundits are speaking of America's rising conservative mood, many of the same pundits insist that Anderson is a superbly electable candidate.

He is not. What he is is a mischief-maker whose mischief is downright dangerous to those whose politics he claims to champion—namely, the pols of the center and of the left. Thanks to the votes Anderson's quixotic campaign diverted in Illinois, George Bush was mortally wounded, and Teddy Kennedy's war chest remained in astonishingly straitened condition. Bush was the only candidate with a prayer of stopping Ronald Reagan, and Kennedy is the one candidate who has forthrightly offered the ideas of the Left to the voters.

This is much to the Massachusetts Messiah's credit as an ideological pol if not a practical pol. Of course, he has presented the Left's ideas with the requisite sophistries, his favorite being to include the average taxpayer when he essays the hellish conditions forced upon us by the rich, while neglecting to mention that, when it comes time to soak the rich, the average taxpayer will get a thorough dunking, too. Nonetheless, Kennedy is the Left's legitimate candidate,

Adapted from RET's Monday Column in the Washington Post.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and he presents the Left's case most candidly and fully. He ought not to be denied political and financial support because of the fickleness of the Victorian Gent, whose enthusiasm has diverted the Left to Anderson.

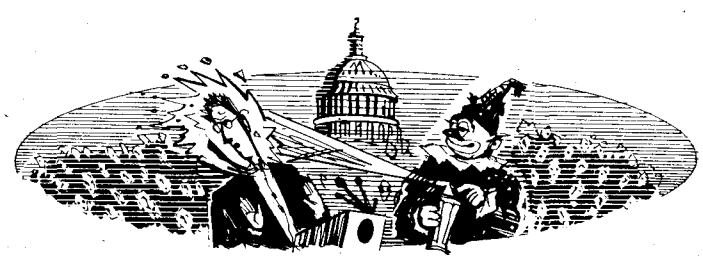
Yet how poor Teddy is suffering. The Beverly Hills boobs of liberal sensibility and their trendy kind all across the United States, its protectorates, and the isle of Majorca are sending their checks to Anderson. When offered the opportunity, some even vote for him, holding their noses and voting in the party of Coolidge for the first time in their lives. These patriots will keep Anderson following in the well-trod path of old Quixote for weeks to come. They may even embolden him into running on a third party ticket.

Here would be an act of political onanism, yet in committing such an act the ritualistic liberals would be acting in perfect character. Onanism has been at the heart of the liberal enterprise for some years. Obviously neither high-mindedness nor love of reason have had anything to do with their orgies for nearly a decade, maybe longer. The thing too often revolves around nothing more than petty complaints and hysterical premonitions. The thing is an extravaganza of incoherence.

Imagine, here is the liberal worthy devoted to tolerance, yet he fills his waking hours by demanding an end to smoking in public places, an end to scientific inquiry into areas placed beyond the pale by his archbishops, the extinction of the term "Mrs.," and a thousand more importunities trivial and not so trivial. He is a champion of democracy, yet he thumps for placing ever more areas of governance under the claw of unelected bureaucracies and unelected judges. Today's liberal is inimical to most of the founding principles of liberalism. He changes his enthusiasms with the seasons. He has become a skittish cad, awaiting orders from the high and mighty.

This spring the order is to whoop it up for the sermons of Parson Anderson. And so our so-called liberals cross the line and vote for him. This is modern day liberalism in all its beauty, an exercise in self-gratification. □

CAPITOL IDEAS



ALTARS, PULPITS, AND KNAVES

by Tom Bethell

With mullahs, popes, and ayatollahs on the move once again (dare one hope this spells an end to the misnamed Enlightenment?) I decided it was high time that I too retraced my steps, back toward the Catholic Church from which I had strayed years ago not so much in a spirit of apostasy as of disillusionment with the doctrinal confusion that seems to have so weakened the Church ever since the Second Vatican Council. For those in the dark, this mid-60s gathering, convened by Pope John, was "captured" by left-leaning clerics who then succeeded in imposing their belief that the ecclesiastical compass was in error, meaning that the Church's course would have to change, which was not very encouraging for those like myself—and we must have numbered in the millions—who had grown up contentedly under the ancient regime and could see no reason other than a perverse neophilia for changing it.

For some time I have been telling people that I would happily return to the fold if only I could find a mass in Latin (no need to dwell here on the unwisdom of translating the liturgy into humdrum vernacular) and did not have to sit through too many sermons on the theme of Social Justice. Such sermons are unappealing because they put too much emphasis on the material world and so tacitly repudiate the spiritual. From the church door, so to speak, one is directed straight to HEW. I would hope also not to hear anything at all about "human rights," whatever they may be.

Sometimes I enter churches experimentally. One Sunday evening I went to a black Baptist church in Georgetown (a former working class, now fashionable, neighborhood, where church attendance reflects the old living arrangements). A hundred curious heads turned toward the door, my entrance appraised by stout, starched matrons under floral hats. I took a rear pew as the minister, wearing a three-piece business suit, began a lengthy fund-raising "patter," accompanied by organ crescendi, piano fortes, drums aroll, whooping and weeping—the whole pitch reaching a climax (with cymbals crashing and suspenseful sevenths trilling in the organ loft) when I came to . . . and found that a well dressed young usher, tall and dapper-suited, stood expectantly beside *my* pew and was urging me altarwards. There the businesslike minister sat enthroned in front of his counting house, consisting of a folding table around which stood a covey of eager deacons, ready to scoop up the offertory and arrange it in orderly green piles.

I was expected to start things moving, to lead the procession to the table, since the enfilade began, evidently, with the rear-most pew. Heads were beginning to turn in my direction once again, with a great bobbing and nodding of artificial cherries atop hats. After an awkward pause, the young man beside me evidently decided to grant me "observer status" and moved forward to usher out the next pew. Shortly thereafter I made good my escape.

One Sunday I made my way up to the vast, incomplete, imitation-Gothic National Cathedral, a citadel of ecumenicism, where the clergymen are in general more eager to stress

Tom Bethell is The American Spectator*'s Washington columnist.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

what they *don't* believe than what they do. It is a most curious piece of architecture, with the long nave not quite at right angles with the transept. Looked upon from above, then, the plan of the church is a slight dogleg—an architectural embodiment of the contemporary ecclesiastical disarray if there ever was one. They won't even build a modern cathedral with a nave going straight back, evidently. It makes for a disconcerting experience to sit in this vast, and usually empty, nave, and observe the skewed perspective facing you. But on this occasion I was spared even that, because all the doors to the church were locked (on a Sunday afternoon).

Someone told me that St. Matthew's Cathedral had a Latin mass at ten a.m., so I went. The first thing that struck me was the presence of a gray-haired lady, berobed, ensconced right next to the altar. Somehow this was not a reassuring sight. I have now been to the cathedral on a number of occasions, and the one constant throughout all services is this dogged feminist (certainly not feminine) presence: a rotation of grizzly ladies who read the lesson and then return to their lookout post in the lee of the altar, which seems to be a kind of beachhead established for the silent proclamation of grievance, a vantage point from which its occupants gaze out over the congregation with an air of injured righteousness. You do not feel they are worshipping God so much as asserting their rights. They usually read from the "letter of Paul"—not epistle, not Saint Paul—and always in some atrocious, bulldozed translation. Even so, it comes as a pleasant surprise to find that the Apostle has survived at all in this materialist age.

Happily, though, St. Matthew's is relatively free of this-worldy sermons, social gospel, and socialist claptrap. For this I imagine we have to thank the Cardinal, William Baum. He, alas, recently departed for Rome, where he will no doubt find many important tasks awaiting him. A deliverer of fluent, intelligent sermons, Baum in some ways reminded me of an old-fashioned English catholic—much given to hobnobbing with diplomats. But snobbishness is excusable in a Cardinal, and there are in any event worse vices. We shall miss him, and I shall certainly be praying that he will not be replaced by the Bishop from Tallahassee who appeared in the pulpit one day and delivered himself of some very peculiar opinions, including the verdict that the seizure of the hostages in Iran was an act of "revolutionary justice."

Returning to the Catholic Church in these wobbly times is like reading a modern translation of the Bible, which, in turn, as Dwight Macdonald noted in a famous essay,

> is like walking through an old city that has just been given, if not a saturation bombing, a thorough going-over. One looks about anxiously. Is this gone? Does that still survive? Surely they might have spared *that!*

It is the same with the mass. Surprisingly the old Credo III still survives in that wonderful melody from the seventeenth century (the music of an age of belief). But much of the church music now is feeble in the extreme (how dispiriting it is to see in the hymnal that the composer was "b. 1924"): hymns to vacillation, uncertainty, weakness, and doubt, with will-o'-the-wisp Debussy-like harmonies, surely concocted in experimental music schools and supported by matching funds from the government. "I believe" has become "we believe," a concession to collectivism. There is congregational handshaking, the "sign of peace," a renewal of chumminess.

Last autumn I returned to my old school in England—Downside—run by Benedictine monks. I attended high mass one Sunday (not that it's so "high" any more) to find the ranks thinned (student attendance being now voluntary), the Gregorian Chant disrupted by modern insertions, the former unity dispersed, and an actual mention of "economic justice" in the course of a sermon!

After church I spoke to Dom Hubert Van Zeller, an old teacher who has since spent years in America and written many books ("two more than Agatha Christie," he told me). The picture of lean, black-cowled asceticism, he stood outside Downside Abbey with a brisk wind blowing and clouds flying in the buttresses. He told me that the monastic community had been agitated by all the ecclesiastical changes. "We've put the second commandment before the first," he said. Love Thy Neighbor has taken precedence over Love God. That is an effective summary of the post-Vatican II Church.

Now—to return to America—it seems to me that the cause of all this clerical vacillation, the flirting with "liberation theology," the appeasement or outright imitation of Marxism, is that our intellectual elites (not just in the U.S. but throughout the West) are largely atheist. Perceiving this lack of faith, churchmen have felt leaderless, demoralized, unnerved. In consequence, they have adopted as their "role model" the only ideology currently in sight: egalitarianism, "social justice," the ideology of Marx. Clerics with intellectual pretensions have often found it desirable to base their activities on an idea with at least a modicum of intellectual sponsorship, no matter how atheistic it might be.

This tells us too plainly that there is no rival Western ideology at present. And there really isn't. Capitalism, formerly buoyed up by the "ethic" of hard work, by the ideology of freedom and voluntarism, for some peculiar reason now finds itself bereft of ideological justification. Churchmen, who I suppose have always been more under the thumb of intellectual sponsorship than would seem to be strictly necessary, have taken note.

So we are confronted by bleak alternatives, as the editor of the *Times* of London, William Rees-Mogg, noted in his recent book, *An Humbler Heaven:* on the one hand, the "false doctrine of Marxism," on the other "the meaningless post-Christian materialism of the West."

But now a new force has risen, to return at last to the mullahs and the ayatollahs: a reactivated Islam. Clearly, at present, we have no response to it. Doctrines of containment, missiles, armies, even gunboats, are of no avail. That is why a handful of grubby militants in Teheran can so easily hold the U.S. at bay. Whatever else they may lack, they have one important thing going for them: They believe in something; we no longer do. Material prosperity, it turns out, is not a cause people are prepared to die for. We are impotent as a result.

Thinking about this, I was struck by an observation in a book called *East and West* by C. Northcote Parkinson (he was writing about the Crusades): "The onset of one religion can be resisted only by another." Christianity has been immensely weakened and divided by its (half-hearted) flirtation with Marxism, a philosophy which, however godless, has somehow managed to convey the illusion of possessing a morality superior to the "meaningless materialism" of the West. Now comes the "onset" of Islam, and it may yet save us, by summoning forth the more militant Christianity that will undoubtedly be needed to resist it. This in turn would rescue us from the horns of the Marxist/materialist dilemma.

The papal reappearance, after decades of hibernation in the Vatican, onto the stage of public events suggests that this Christian revitalization may at last be underway—and not a moment too soon. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

R. Bruce McColm

REVOLUTION'S END

Carlos Franqui knows what the American Left has yet to learn: The Cuban Revolution is a fraud. But then, he ought to know—twenty years ago he sold the myth of the Revolution to the world.

Carlos Franqui and I met in February in the back room of a Spanish bookstore off New York's Union Square, an area now given over to drug-pushers, junkies, and bag ladies. For Franqui, it was his first trip to the United States since his exile from Cuba in the sixties. Ostensibly here to promote the publication in English of his *Diary of the Cuban Revolution* and attend a conference of Latin American writers, he used the occasion to see some of his former colleagues from the early days of Castro's Revolution. The interview's translator, Ricardo Alonso, now a professor of Spanish at Franklin and Marshall College in Pennsylvania, was the ambassador of Castro's Cuba to the Court of St. James before he defected to the United States in the early sixties. The man who introduced me to Castro's former confidante was Raul Chibas, the former head of the anti-Batista Ortodoxo Party before the Revolution and a friend of Castro's during his days as a law student at the University of Havana.

Early supporters of Castro's Twenty-Sixth of July Movement, like Franqui, saw a Cuba dominated by a monoculture based on a sugar economy and badly run by an inept, colossally stupid *caudillo,* Batista, who was kept in power by the United States. Moved by the plight of the *guajiros,* or peasants, and inspired by Cuba's long history of aborted attempts at reform, the Movement, led by Fidel Castro, became radicalized and embarked in a fit of machismo on a guerrilla war waged from the mountain strongholds of the Sierra Maestra. Out of their miraculous success was created the myth of the Cuban Revolution.

Twenty-one years later, the results of the Cuban Revolution closely resemble the Movement's critique of the Batista regime, the differences being Cuba's total dependence on the Soviet Union and a *caudillo* who now protects himself in a suit of Marxist-Leninist armor.

Carlos Franqui was born to peasant parents in 1921; from his early childhood he had to work alongside his parents in the sugar-cane fields. He was involved in Cuban politics from the time he was a teenager, first joining the youth movement of the Cuban Communist Party in 1939 and, later, being one of its most militant members during his days as a student at the University of Havana. He quit the Party to become one of the first members of the Twenty-Sixth of July Movement in Havana. After he met Castro in 1947, he joined the future Cuban leader in a futile expedition to unseat the Dominican Republic's dictator Trujillo. From 1955 until his imprisonment by Batista in 1957, he was the editor of *Revolucion Diario,* the organ of the Castro movement. After an exile spent in Mexico, Latin America, and the United States, Franqui joined the guerrillas in the Sierra Maestra and became the director of *Radio Rebelde* and the Movement's newspaper, *Revolucion.*

When Castro came to power on New Year's Day, 1959, he entrusted Franqui with the archives of the Revolution and appointed him the organizer for the Cultural Congress of Havana. From the early days of the Castro government, Franqui used his extensive contacts among Europe's *illuminati* to bring a number of intellectuals to idolize the Revolution. Among the pilgrims were Jean-Paul Sartre, who wrote *On Cuba* after a Franqui sponsored trip, and Simone de Beauvoir. Through his talents as a publicist, Franqui brought all of Europe's major artists to Havana to participate in a variety of activities ranging from lectures to art shows.

Carlos Franqui

But, by the late sixties, Carlos Franqui had become a "questionable person" in Cuba because of his public opposition to Castro's dictatorial methods and his strident advocacy of artistic freedom. In 1968, after Castro supported the Soviet invasion of Czechoslovakia, Franqui broke with the regime and went into exile. Now based in Italy, Franqui published his *Diary of the Cuban Revolution* in 1976 and is working on a follow-up volume dealing with the Castro regime until 1968.

Although much criticized by America's Cuban community for his unrepentant leftist positions, Franqui, nevertheless, has been instrumental in breaking the taboo on the left against criticism of the Castro regime. For years, Cuba has enjoyed total immunity from criticism as a member in the pantheon of progressive states. Among Europe's Left and America's left-liberal elements, Havana has been the last stop of the leaking vessel transporting those in a perpetual search for the "successful social experiment." While supporting himself by selling the original lithographs of two of his best friends, Pablo Picasso and Joan Miró, Franqui in exile re-established his contacts with the Spanish Left, the refugees from Prague's Spring, and other Eurocommunists to persuade them not to look to Castro's Cuba as the last progressive holy site. Ironically enough, he was instrumental a few years back in persuading people like Jean-Paul Sartre and Simone de Beauvoir to condemn the Cuban government for its repression of artists. →

R. Bruce McColm is a contributing editor to the National Catholic Register *and its UN correspondent. His articles and essays have appeared in the* Washington Post, Newsweek, National Review, *and the* Christian Science Monitor.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The importance of Franqui's *Diary of the Cuban Revolution,* soon to be published by Viking Press, cannot be underestimated in light of the chronic Marxist disease of falsifying history. When Franqui broke with the Castro government in 1968, his face disappeared from all the official photographs. The picture of Castro's first meeting with Nikita Khrushchev reveals Franqui as a grayish blur between the two leaders. He has suffered a similar fate in the official photograph of Castro's victorious entourage in Havana, a fate he shares with Huber Matos, the recently released former army commander, who also has been obliterated from the Cuban peso.

When Franqui left Havana, he managed to smuggle out of Cuba the letters, documents, and various reports which had been in the revolutionary archives. His diary, a sort of *The Sorrow and the Pity* in print, is the rarest of historical documents —a sure preventative against that peculiar amnesia which fogs the brains of those who use history for their own polemical purposes. Through Franqui's montage of the Cuban Revolution—a montage which reveals, among other things, Castro's early obsessions with Alexander the Great, Robespierre, and his favorite, Napoleon; his admiration for Argentina's strongman, Juan Perón; and Castro's and Guevara's fawning admiration for Stalin's book, *The Fundamentals of Leninism*—one gains an untampered look at the rise of Castro's brand of *caudillo* Communism and its aftereffects on Cuban society.

What follows is the first interview ever given by Franqui to an American journalist and is said to be the first time he has spoken openly about the conditions in Cuba today.

• • •

Q: We are now some 20 years past the Cuban Revolution and from all indications it appears that Cuba is in dire straits. Castro admitted as much in his speech of December 27th to the National People's Government Assembly. In it he called attention to the diseases devastating the sugar and tobacco crops and even stated there would be a wholesale lay-off of factory workers. He also promised to send "voluntary brigades" to Siberia to cut timber for the factories on the island. And Castro's firing of his cabinet last year seemed to be a fairly dramatic demonstration of Cuba's problems.

CF: I wouldn't call these two events particularly important. Yes, they indicate severe problems. But they are ploys Castro uses to deflect people's attention away from the real problems in Cuba. When there is some crisis or another, he usually does something dramatic to exert further control over the government. He's fired his cabinet many times.

Actually, the problems you describe are very old. Their seeds were planted in 1961—they are endemic to the system. But even so, things in Cuba have gone way beyond anyone's wildest predictions, especially now that there are all those Cuban troops in Africa.

Q: At what point would you say that Cuba came to be dominated by the Soviets to the point of losing any semblance of independence?

CF: I left in 1968 after Castro supported the Soviet invasion of Czechoslovakia. That was unforgivable. But the change had begun a few years before, and really crystallized around 1967, when Ché Guevara died in Bolivia. He died so alone and isolated after years of fighting for the Cuban Revolution. Many, many Cubans would have followed Guevara in Latin America if Castro had allowed them to. But he didn't. And now there are over 100,000 Cuban soldiers stationed all over the world.

Q: How do you relate the Cuban activities in Angola and Ethiopia to this abandonment of Guevara? Many people who have followed the Cuban Revolution over the years speculate that Castro had Guevara killed over a disagreement about the role the Soviets should play in Cuban affairs. What accounted for that split?

CF (shrugging his shoulders): I doubt very much that Castro physically had Guevara killed. But he most certainly made sure he wouldn't succeed. There are several reasons for this. For one thing, Guevara wanted to create a revolutionary movement in Africa and Latin America totally independent from the Soviet Union. As early as 1965, at an international congress held in Algiers, Guevara denounced Soviet imperialism. He charged the Soviets with opposing all independent revolutions.

Q: Jonas Savimbi, the President of UNITA [The National Union for the Total Independence of Angola], the group fighting the Cubans in Angola, was at that Algiers meeting. He claims that Guevara told him not to send his men to Cuba for training because the Soviets would then control his movement.

CF: Yes, that's very possible. At that time, Guevara was becoming increasingly anti-Soviet. If you look at his diary, you realize that Guevara wanted to create a base in Latin America for a continental revolution. He also held similar ideas for Africa. Now it appears that Cuba is taking this position, although not independent of the Soviet Union, as Guevara would have wanted. In fact, Cuba is only taking this position because the Soviet Union, not Cuba, wants to play on the United States' international weakness. It amounts to a new form of Soviet imperialism.

Q: From Castro's point of view, then, what is to be gained by Cuba's involvement in Africa?

CF: Well, from his point of view, it is a matter of fleeing forward. By now, he has a highly developed military apparatus. It's one of the most powerful in Latin America and extremely large for such a small country. This is something he didn't have in the early sixties. Now, whenever his own problems at home get grave, he uses this apparatus to project a powerful international image. This is also why he plotted for so long to become the leader of the non-aligned movement. Between this and his extensive involvement overseas, he is able to camouflage the tremendous economic, political, and social crises at home in Cuba.

Of course, a small country like Cuba can't pretend to do what a superpower like the United States and the Soviet Union can do without severely affecting the population. But it is characteristic of Castro that when there is a military confrontation, the Cuban people will be made to suffer.

Q: Since the Revolution, the Cuban economy has been plagued by every conceivable problem. How have these economic problems affected the Cuban people? And what has caused them?

CF: The Revolution has meant 20 years

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of waiting in line for the Cuban people. It is incredible to think that the 20 main national products of Cuba have been strictly rationed for the past 18 years. There's sugar, meat, milk, coffee, tobacco, cigars, rum, oranges, mangoes . . . Everything has been totally rationed. Even the basic foodstuffs like bananas, cassava, black beans, rice, and beverages are scarce. After 20 more years of the Revolution, it's doubtful whether there will be enough food.

Besides, the distribution system has totally fallen apart. Cuba is a country of empty roads. After the Revolution, the government embarked on a huge road-building program. It was supposed to be an impressive project and in many cases it actually was. There are large eight-lane highways in Cuba—but no one travels on them. What few buses there are break down and there aren't many cars. It is extremely difficult for people, let alone consumer goods, to get from one place to another.

More important still, labor productivity is way, way down.

Q: The productivity problem has been blamed by Cuban government officials on the workers' laziness and the material shortages in the factories. Others say this represents a type of passive resistance.

CF: It is *totally* insufficient to blame lazy workers for these problems. The failure of the economy certainly indicates a passive resistance against the government. But it also means that the system lacks any productive capability.

The Cuban worker gets up before dawn and has to walk to get a bus to work. Sometimes the bus comes on time, sometimes the worker has to wait hours, and many times the bus doesn't even show up. And even when the worker does get to work, he has to wait hours, sometimes until the early afternoon, for the bricks, wood, or whatever he is working with to show up at the site of his job. Raw materials don't arrive on time, if they arrive at all. Even the final product gets lost, especially in agriculture. Sugar and tobacco just rot. Dilapidated farm machinery rusts in the fields.

Under these conditions, work becomes an absurd obligation. How can you feel excited about work when you can't even do your job? Why should you work when you don't get anything for it, especially when you see government officials enjoying extraordinary privileges? On top of all that, the system doesn't allow profits or the free discussion of labor problems, and it refuses to replace unfair administrators.

Q: What is the government doing to combat this malaise? When this situation occurred in the Soviet Union, they instituted a law against social parasitism. It calls for prison sentences against such things as absenteeism, voluntary unemployment, and working in an occupation deemed anti-social. Is there a similar law in Cuba?

CF: Yes, but I don't think it's a Soviet law. It actually dates back to the times of Spanish colonialism.

In 1971 Castro announced a "new revolutionary law," the Anti-Loafing Law. It prohibited loitering, laziness, social parasitism, and absenteeism. But it was not revolutionary at all. It is the same law used by the Spanish governor Miguel Tacon in the 1830s. He was one of the most repressive governors in Cuban history. Tacon in Spanish means "the heel of the boot." That's how this man is remembered in Cuba. The Tacon decree was against practitioners of black magic, homosexuals, poets, and blacks. After Castro's speech, he used this so-called revolutionary law indiscriminately. He jailed over 100,000 people in his tropical gulags. The minimum rehabilitation period was three years.

So we Cubans say that the "heel of the boot," that is, Tacon, has been resurrected in Castro.

Q: In light of all these things you've mentioned, how much of the Cuban political bureaucracy is still behind Castro?

CF: The political apparatus is totally demoralized. Oddly enough, both the Miami exile community and Raul Castro [Cuba's former Minister of Defense] use the same word to describe the situation. They say that in Cuba there isn't socialism, there is *sociolesmo*. Roughly, it means that there are little partnerships here and there, private alliances.

But there is more to the malaise than that. Whatever national dignity we regained with the Revolution has been lost with our total dependence on the Soviets. Moreover, the price paid by the Cuban people for the continuing African wars has been extremely high. After so many years, the Cuban people are fed-up with promises. After 20 years, they no longer have any hopes in Castro's system.

Q: You aren't suggesting that Castro's government will fall?

CF: No, of course not. It is totally naive to think that Castro and his system will fall, at least in the near future. The political structure is too strong: Over a half million people work for the secret police alone. For any change to come about, protest and dissent will have to increase, of course, but this in turn will intensify the repression. This has already happened. In the past few years, a great number of people have been freed from Cuban prisons, but thousands more have been brought in to take their place. The question is whether the present dissatisfaction will lead to a stronger protest or just die away. The responsibility lies with the youth. The youth rebellion will either escalate or be crushed by the government.

Q: Recently, the former Havana Hilton and a number of train stations have been bombed. Industrial sabotage and the use of arms against government targets have been reported on the rise. Is this the work of an organized underground or a spontaneous protest?

CF: It is very difficult to know. It may be a personal vendetta or a spontaneous protest. I don't think it's well organized because I don't think you can be organized and escape detection by the secret police.

Each rebellion has its different look. Now, more than ever, the young people are in open rebellion against the system. They register this rebellion by wearing blue jeans, which are prohibited, by listening to jazz and rock and roll, which have been outlawed, and by wearing long hair, which is enough for one to lose one's job. Such demonstrations of rebellion may seem inconsequential, but they are not.

Actually, now that I think about it, everyone in this room, except me, would be subject to arrest. He [pointing to the photographer] is wearing red, which in Cuba is a serious offense. Red in Cuba isn't the color of Communism but is a sign you are a member of an African cult.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Alonso would be arrested for his sideburns. They're too long. Raul [Chibas] for his beard. And you—well, for everything.

Q: There are differing interpretations of the Cuban prison system. No one, not even Amnesty International and the International Red Cross, has been able to determine the number of political prisoners in Cuba. Yet, they certainly exist. Could you explain for me the different types of prisons in Cuba and what role the prison system plays in that society?

CF: Well, first of all, you have to remember that Cuba is *matushka*. It is the mother prison, totally surrounded by water. Many people trying to escape from Cuba have disappeared. They have been either killed by sharks or arrested by Cuban patrol boats. Others have capsized at sea. Truly, the Cubans fleeing the island are the precursors of the Vietnamese boat people. So far, nobody knows exactly how many Cubans have died this way, but we're working on a census and trying to find out.

There are, of course, many forced labor camps in Cuba. If there is something good about these prisons, it's their formidable names: for instance, New Sunrise and The Future. It shows the Cubans still maintain their Goya-esque sense of humor.

Q: What about these camps? Are they different from one another?

CF: There are different types of prisons. But it is important to remember that nine million Cubans are treated like prisoners. They are totally restricted in terms of movement. A Cuban citizen must carry an identification card or internal passport called an RD-3 card. It lists where you work, where you live, where you come from. Things like that. Anyone found without this card is sent to jail. This is a kind of imprisonment without the prison itself. And recently the effort to jail anyone without this card has intensified.

This system is so pervasive it even applies to the animals. [Everyone in the room laughs.]

Q: I can't let that pass by without comment. How does it apply to animals?

CF: Even animals need internal passports now.

Q: Now, wait a minute. What is an animal passport?

CF: Every animal—farm animal—in Cuba has a tiny little metal plate identifying what it is, when it was purchased, and by whom. When an animal dies or is eaten, a peasant must go to the police station and report that animal number so-and-so has died and of what causes. Then the animal is taken off the police lists. If you don't report the animal's death or his sale, you will be fined or jailed.

The whole system was created to control the black market. The black market is the only way the Cuban people can survive. So a peasant will sometimes trade a chicken or another animal for something he needs. But he is supposed to buy everything from the government. This animal identification was created to curtail this trade. The only animal exempt from this law is the pig.

Q: Why should the pigs be exempt when you're going to list everything else?

CF: Pigs are exempt now because they are diseased and dying by the scores. Pork used to be a major food staple for the people. Now, there are very few pigs left.

Q: I'd like to ask you more about the physical prisons you mentioned earlier, the ones with the sardonic names. The Future, for instance, sounds like a bad joke.

CF: I told you their names are quite incredible. There is also the East Compound in Havana. East as in East Bloc. That's a work compound. Some of the prisoners there refuse to wear their prison uniforms and have lived in their underwear for years. They are the *plantados*. [*Plantados* is a Cuban prison sland expression for people who refuse to be re-educated. One of the *plantados* was Huber Matos, one of the leaders of the Cuban Revolution, who has recently been released.]

Apart from these prisons, there are punishment or disciplinary camps for prisoners who must undergo political re-education courses. Then there are the prisons with open doors. They aren't much different from the rest because you can't escape the island anyway.

Finally, you have the gulag. These are forced labor camps for functionaries and so-called "misled revolutionaries." They are forced to work on different projects under the worst conditions.

Q: And what is the role of these prisons within the system?

CF: Theoretically, the prisons are considered schools in the system. In that way, they are part of the first of the Revolution's "two pillars": national education and health. But, we also look upon them as part of the second pillar. The police are doctors tending to the sick. The patients are the deviates from the revolutionary ideology. And the executioner's squad is for the terminally ill. The whole prison system in Cuba is a vast pharmacy. For the terminally ill, the prescription system has some 61 remedies or charges that can bring about a death sentence. Recently, even people who distribute pamphlets with grievances against the government are said to be terminally ill and receive the death penalty.

Q: After being an important participant in the Revolution and now a severe critic of the Castro government, what is your summary impression of Cuba today?

CF: You can see all of Cuba during the sugar harvest. Look out on a field with sugar cane. Some cutting the cane are from the local jails, some are from the concentration camps, some are voluntary workers, some are military personnel, and some are peasants. In Cuba, all those working on the sugar cane harvest look like they are doing the same thing. In a way, they are. All of them are there under different circumstances. Today, when one gets down to it, Cuba is still an island of sugar and slavery.

I want the readers of this interview to know one thing: Russian Communism and Castroism are a cancer of history. I certainly have no nostalgia for the Cuba of the past. But what came later is nothing more than a disease. I have nothing more to say.

Q: Thank you.

CF: My pleasure. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

W. Scott Thompson

THE PHONY WAR

Talk is cheap. Weapons are not.

In his autobiography, the German physicist Max Planck observed that "a new scientific truth does not triumph by convincing its opponents and making them see the light, but rather because its opponents eventually die, and a new generation grows up that is familiar with it." A depressing thought—but does it also apply to politics? Perhaps not. There have been, after all, notable conversions throughout history, and more recently than on Saul's journey to Damascus. Little more than a year ago Henry Kissinger discovered that, now that we had lost it, nuclear superiority brought all manner of benefits, something he had tried to deny while in office. And Jimmy Carter, who had been born again some years before in any case, revealed to us recently that his view of the Russians has been changed more by their invasion of Afghanistan than by anything else of the past three years.

There is perhaps good reason to suspect the authenticity of this last conversion, but even if it is true we still have good reason to doubt whether it is going to make an important difference in the way Jimmy Carter conducts foreign policy. For one thing, with much of his response to Afghanistan, especially with his rhetoric about the need for military preparedness, he is manifestly reacting politically to those who, vindicated by Afghanistan, demand a realistic foreign policy grounded in a credible military deterrent. Of course, he has done this kind of thing before. Last summer Carter opposed the Senate on defense increases because he thought he had the votes for SALT II. When he saw he didn't, he proposed to cut a deal with Sam Nunn for an increase of 5 percent. When Afghanistan finished the burial of SALT II, Carter retreated to his previous posture: the fewest increases in defense spending possible. Not a cent has been added since the invasion; in fact, cuts are now coming, owing to the effort to pare the budget and reduce the deficit.

But there is more to the fecklessness of Carter's converted self than the rhetoric and gesture of political expediency. In fact, it is the Russians themselves who, retroactively, give the lie to Carter's new "hard line." During the flap that began over Africa in the summer of 1978, after Carter gave his one hard-line speech prior to Afghanistan, *Pravda,* in the most important editorial during Carter's term, said,

> It seems that "firmness" and "hard line" have become extremely popular words in America and have turned into the latest craze. Especially on the eve of . . . elections.

But, it went on,

> firmness and courage are useful qualities for any political leader. But only if they are directed toward good goals and combined with political wisdom, the ability to be guided by higher interests and to separate them from petty short-term advantages, and the ability and desire to look into the future and assess the consequences of one's present actions in advance. Moreover, courage in politics is by no means the same thing as bravado and the readiness to resort to strong expressions and brandish a club. Political courage consists in something else—the ability to set and consistently follow a principled political course, and the ability to control one's emotions and show restraint and discretion. . . .

No matter the source, it has seldom been said better.

Edward Luttwak has written that strategy is the opposite of the usual (and peculiarly Anglo-Saxon) practice of isolating "the practical problem at hand." It is, rather, to connect the "diverse issues into a systematic pattern of things," and then to "craft plans—often of long range—for dealing with the whole," something which Jimmy Carter, as *Pravda* observed, is unable to do. The Soviets clearly have a strategy. They abet revolutionary movements all over the world (including the Western Hemisphere), they threaten our access to essential minerals through proxies in Africa, and now they threaten our access to oil from the Persian Gulf—all against a background of growing strategic superiority. We, on the other hand, still react to the "problem at hand," which is why we are concerned with a so-called Rapid Deployment Force (RDF), which, incidentally, isn't rapid, isn't deployed, and isn't a force.*

The irony is that without a comprehensive strategy, and I think it clear (for reasons I shall address in a moment) that even after Afghanistan Carter has no intention of adopting one, addressing "the problem at hand" becomes both more difficult and more dangerous. This is precisely the case with the Persian Gulf. To draw a line beyond which the Soviets will not be allowed to go, as Carter has done, without the means of enforcing the claim, is pure bravado. Until we have land-based forces alongside the Persian Gulf and a much larger Navy there (in my analysis, at least the equivalent of four carrier task forces), the Soviets will have no trouble overcoming any response of ours. And if we cannot react with naval firepower, can we escalate to theater nuclear weapons? Given the proximity of the Soviets' Backfire Bomber, this would be still worse, even if the escalation were to end there. Nuclear war, should it come to that, would of course be worst of all. The strategically superior Soviets could implement their

---

W. Scott Thompson is associate professor of international politics at the Fletcher School of Law and Diplomacy.

*A senior KGB official, in an interview with *Die Welt,* put it best: "Rapid deployment force! What is 'rapid deployment'? I believe we have demonstrated that in Afghanistan."

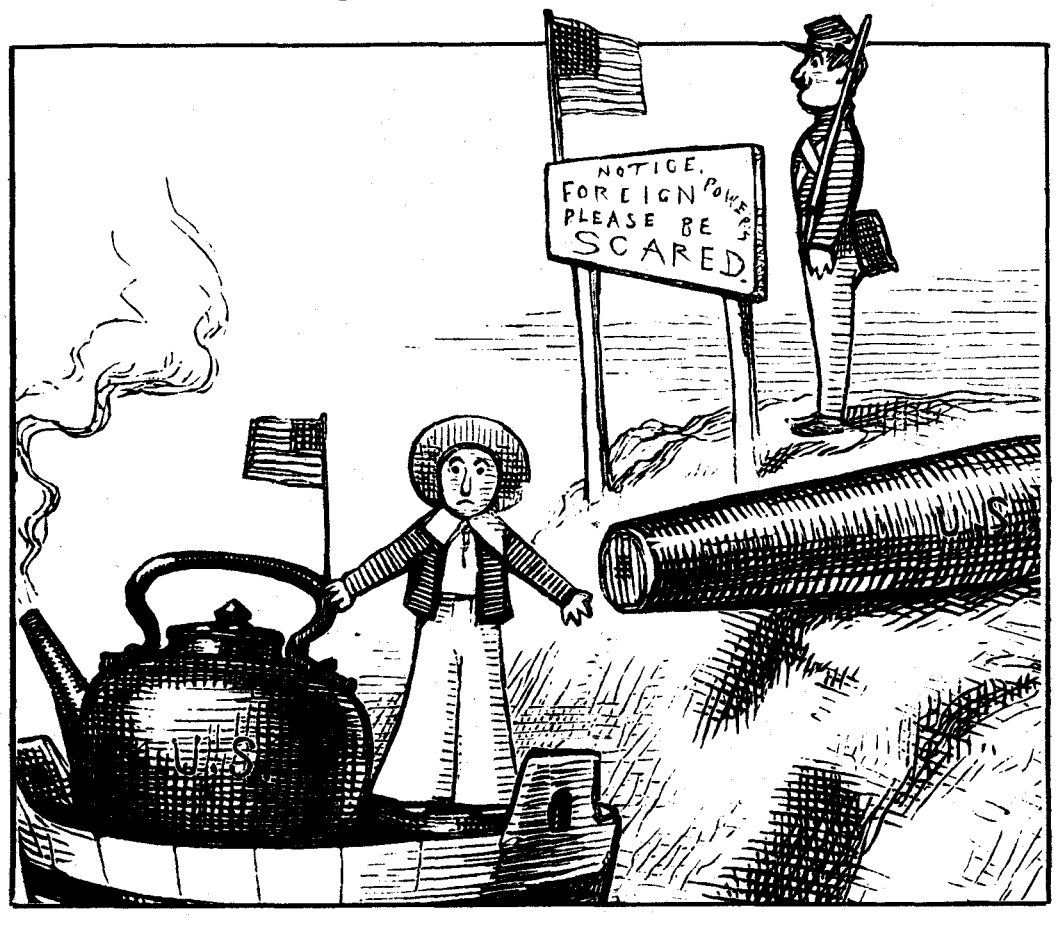
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

civil defense plan, destroy our land-based missiles, knock out our bombers and our submarines in port, and reduce us to the "deterrent" of our submarines at sea. And even assuming that we could communicate with these submarines, would we suicidally use their relatively small and inaccurate warheads to bomb Soviet cities (they wouldn't be useful against hardened military targets) when the Soviets still possessed much of their huge land-based missiles with which to blow up America? Surely not.

Given all of this, there is perhaps less reason to worry that Jimmy Carter will do nothing, if new pressures arise in the Persian Gulf, than that he will do *something*. Even so, it is one thing for defense analysts to argue that prudence is of the essence right now, given our political and military weakness. It is quite another for those who, by their inaction, created the present condition to continue the old refrain, that is, to continue to advocate pusillanimity in the face of truculent Soviet adventurism.

A president truly serious about meeting the Soviet threat would hardly have begun by surreptitiously implementing SALT II. But this is what Carter has done. *De jure* SALT may be moribund, but *de facto* it is alive; the President has dictated that we abide by its terms. True, he has retreated somewhat recently by promising not to honor its terms without closely consulting with Senate leaders, whatever that means. In the meantime, there continues to be a practical injunction to our defense planners to address our security from the treaty's point of view. That we are still committed to the mobile-based MX, *because it was negotiable,* instead of cheaper and more effective systems is the best evidence of this. I have yet to see an engineer or scientist, in or out of government, discuss the planned "race-track" scheme without a smirk on his face. No one believes it to be cost-effective, or to be useful in timely numbers—which is precisely the point. Not only does this please the Soviets, but it also pleases Carter, who, in the perverse logic of SALT, will be more than happy to cancel the thing as soon as these failings are demonstrated.

But of course SALT is more than its particulars: It is a state of mind, a state of mind that the President has not abandoned in the wake of Afghanistan, despite his rhetoric, his symbolic gestures, and the new "hawkish" atmosphere that is said to reign in Washington these days. The evidence for this lies in what he has *not* done that he could, and should, do, given the nature of the Soviet threat. He could begin by calling up the reserves, which would be infinitely more eloquent than anything he has done so far. He could move our bombers off the seaboards, where they are almost instantly vulnerable to Soviet submarine and cruise missile attack, and into the interior. He could implement the MAPS (multiple silo) program, which could begin today with our Minuteman missiles and could later be used for the long-delayed MX missile. He could abrogate the ABM treaty, if we developed useful point defenses. And he could make some allowance for the present circumstances of the Navy, whose shipbuilding program he cut in half. What is the point of putting so much of our naval power in the Indian Ocean right now, extending the cruises of already frayed sailors and prompting many to resign their commissions, when it isn't enough to deter the Russians anyway? You simply cannot stretch an institution as far as the Navy has been stretched and expect it to do all its jobs. A year from now, a revived and fortified Navy could do more good for the Western position in the Indian Ocean than anything else, but in his love for hollow gestures of strength Carter is mortgaging that possibility now.



And, as I have intimated, Carter could increase overall defense spending significantly. Leonard Sullivan, the senior systems analyst for the Pentagon during the Ford administration, has calculated conservatively that just "to keep our forces from aging and becoming obsolete" would cost $60 billion. Yet our new procurement budget is only $40 billion, so we are not even keeping pace with depreciation, let alone building a new force. It is not enough to inconvenience the Soviets with grain embargoes. "We must begin to *impress* them," Sullivan writes, "by inconveniencing *ourselves*. This could best be achieved by enacting a very substantial FY80 defense supplemental appropriation—on the order of [an additional] $25 billion." He goes on:

> Such an appropriation could *begin* the serious multi-year business of: increasing our current readiness; increasing our war reserve stocks and spares; increasing our own major equipment production—as well as procuring in advance of inevitable arms transfers to our friends and allies; increasing our almost non-existent industrial mobilization capabilities. . . ; increasing our near-term airlift and sealift capabilities; and beginning the construction of a modern three-ocean naval and marine force.

The urgency of all this, an urgency that makes Carter's continued inaction even more reprehensible, comes clear when one addresses the important strategic question: Will our position be better in five years, or worse? Part of the answer must refer to procurement schedules, badly wounded by Carter's cuts of the past three years. The Navy, for example, is now down to its smallest number of ships since before World War II. And on its present schedule, the MX will not be fully deployed until late in the 1980s, though it is the sole weapon now being seriously considered that rivals the latest generation of Soviet missiles, deployed some five years already.

In light of these manifest failures, it is clear that, though the paradigm upon which the administration based its willfully naive policies has proven wholly unsound, and though there seems to be a new line in Washington, things haven't really changed, because the players haven't changed and the telling decisions are not being made. Analogies are never precise, but an appropriate analogy does come to mind—not, however, the analogy which would compare the present period with the 1930s. Although we have been living through a time of appeasement, there are important differences between then and now: most

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

notably, today there is a high rhetoric (as we have observed) of anti-Sovietism (even though there seems to be an almost direct relationship between the former dovishness of our leaders and their high rhetorical posture today). There *is* a useful analogy, however, between the phony war of 1939-1940, after the attack on Poland and before the occupation of Norway, and the period into which the West is now going.

Even after Hitler's attack on Poland, the British government tried, not to put too fine a point on it, to welsh on its commitment to the Poles. It was only a "revolt of conscience" (as the historians Martin Gilbert and Richard Gott put it) in the back benches that forced the war. It still took two days for Chamberlain to admit that a state of war existed, and even then it wasn't waged. Leaflets were dropped over Germany, while the Luftwaffe strafed Poland. Not a drop of British blood was shed in Poland's defense during the phony war. Although the thermonuclear relationship forecloses that part of the analogy which would have us "declaring war" on the Soviets, we are now engaged in mouthing criticisms of Moscow and applying economic sanctions without, as I have tried to show, making the kinds of decisions that would signal a true commitment to our allies or even to our own security.

There is a further point in the analogy, in the extent to which the two hands, Nazi and Soviet, had been fully revealed by the analogous times—September 1939 and today. By his attack on Poland, Hitler ended the debate about his intentions. The apologists had simply been wrong, and the decent among them were quick to admit it. Hitler intended to use military force to control Europe and, ultimately, probably the world. Are the basic lines of Soviet strategy, despite the camouflage of détente, any more hidden to us than Hitler's were after Poland? Considering what has been happening in Southwest Asia, the African Horn, the Caribbean, and Indochina, I think not.

Our position in the world, both politically and militarily, has deteriorated over recent years because we have appeased, and, I suggest, it will probably continue to deteriorate because we will probably continue to appease. Our policy of appeasement has been less conscious than Chamberlain's, but that may be a disadvantage, for, as Bacon said, "truth emerges more readily from error than from confusion." And behind our rhetoric and gesture there is a good deal of confusion, especially about what constitutes meaningful action. In an astonishingly candid interview with *Die Welt,* Boris Davydov, a KGB official, put it rather well: "The Americans are much too conceited," he said. "Their strength is but a strength of words. If we wanted to we could harm the United States 20 times more than it would harm us." This confirms what a neutral diplomat in middle Europe told me recently: that the Soviets are openly acknowledging that détente, joke that it was, worked longer than expected: but now it is time to go on to the serious business of turning military realities into political realities. That much, I am certain, Jimmy Carter has yet to learn. □

Malcolm Muggeridge

ON THE THRESHOLD OF THE EIGHTIES

Three great utopias stand ready to fail. Leaving what?

Searching about in my mind at the beginning of the seventies for a name for that decade, I hit upon "The Decade of the Great Liberal Death-Wish," since, in my estimation, the process of death-wishing in the guise of liberalism, which had long been eroding what remained of Western civilization, was about to reach its apogee.

Systematically, stage by stage, our way of life had been dismantled, our values depreciated, our certainties undermined, and our God dethroned—all this in the name of promoting the health, wealth, and happiness of one and all. Past civilizations have collapsed through being overrun by barbarians from without; ours has the unusual characteristic of having nurtured its own destroyers at the public expense, and dreamt up its own dissolution in the minds of its own intellectual elite.

Malcolm Muggeridge, whose "Operation Death-Wish" appeared in our tenth anniversary issue, is working on the third volume of his autobiography.

As the seventies unfolded, I felt that my prognostications were proving to be, in essentials, well founded, and now, looking into the eighties, I see the same process continuing, to the point of total disillusionment with the utopian expectations on which Western man has been living since he became persuaded that he was in charge of his own destiny, and responsible for creating his own heaven on earth. So that "The Decade of Lost Utopias" seemed like an appropriate sequel to "The Decade of the Great Liberal Death-Wish," more particularly as George Orwell's nightmare forecast of the ultimate consequences of the pursuit of power for power's sake alone is put in the eighties.

His last book, *Nineteen Eighty-Four,* has served to give this date a widespread aura of momentousness, though Orwell himself chose it quite arbitrarily by transposing the last two digits in the year 1948 when he was working on the book in his house on the remote Isle of Jura, already gravely ill with the tuberculosis from which he died two years later when he was 47. There is also the possibility that he remembered the date from a book he greatly admired, Jack London's *The Iron Heel,* an imaginary account of the setting up of a fascist regime in America in which the enslaved proletariat are forced to build a great metropolis, completing the work in 1984.

In any case, *Nineteen Eighty-Four* is a brilliant analysis of how totalitarian dictatorship works in our time, of its brainwashing techniques, and of its sloganeering and terrorism, resulting in not just destroying any practical possibility of individual freedom, but, like the Grand Inquisitor in *The Brothers Karamazov,* rooting out in those subjected to it the very wish to be free, the very concept of freedom. When Orwell wrote *Nineteen Eighty-Four,* television had by no means reached its present range and influence as an instrument for propagating a universal materialist-humanist orthodoxy, called the consensus; but he had already grasped its potentialities, as the role of Big Brother

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

indicates. Undoubtedly he would now see television as an incomparable means of inducing the servile intellectuals and the proles equally, to do and think and be what was required of them.

Nineteen Eighty-Four is, indeed, a prophetic book. How weird, but in a way how apposite, if this date, casually adopted by a dying man as marking the final expiry of our civilization and its replacement by a monolithic power structure with no other purpose than its own continuance, should prove to be correct, in some measure because he envisaged it so—in Biblical terms, in order that the prophecy might be fulfilled. Stranger things have happened.

Utopianism is, of course, a deep-rooted impulse in human beings; they have a congenital propensity to believe that somehow or other, at some time or another, a golden age will come to pass, when tears will all be washed away, the lion and the lamb will lie down together and a little child shall lead them, captives will be released, swords will be beaten into ploughshares, and sorrow and suffering will disappear from our human experience. Such sanity as Western man has displayed during the centuries of Christendom has been due, more than anything else, to the fact that this vision of lasting felicity and well-being was seen as belonging to our heavenly, not our earthly, existence, to Eternity and not to Time. The Genesis story has provided an apt basis for such a view: After Eve's sin and Adam's connivance, Man is a fallen creature capable of conceiving perfection, but by his very nature fated to be imperfect himself and in all his works—to toil for his livelihood, and to reproduce in the turbulence of his fleshly appetites reaching after a transcendental fulfillment, of love lusting and lust loving.

The disaster of our time lies essentially in the replacement of this sense of the intrinsic inadequacy of human beings by the notion of progress achieved through evolution, whereby man himself fashions his own perfectibility through his own efforts, without any need for a God, or involvement in any mystery, in any "Cloud of Unknowing"—just mortal men in Time creating a utopia wherein they may, in fairy-story style, live happily ever after.

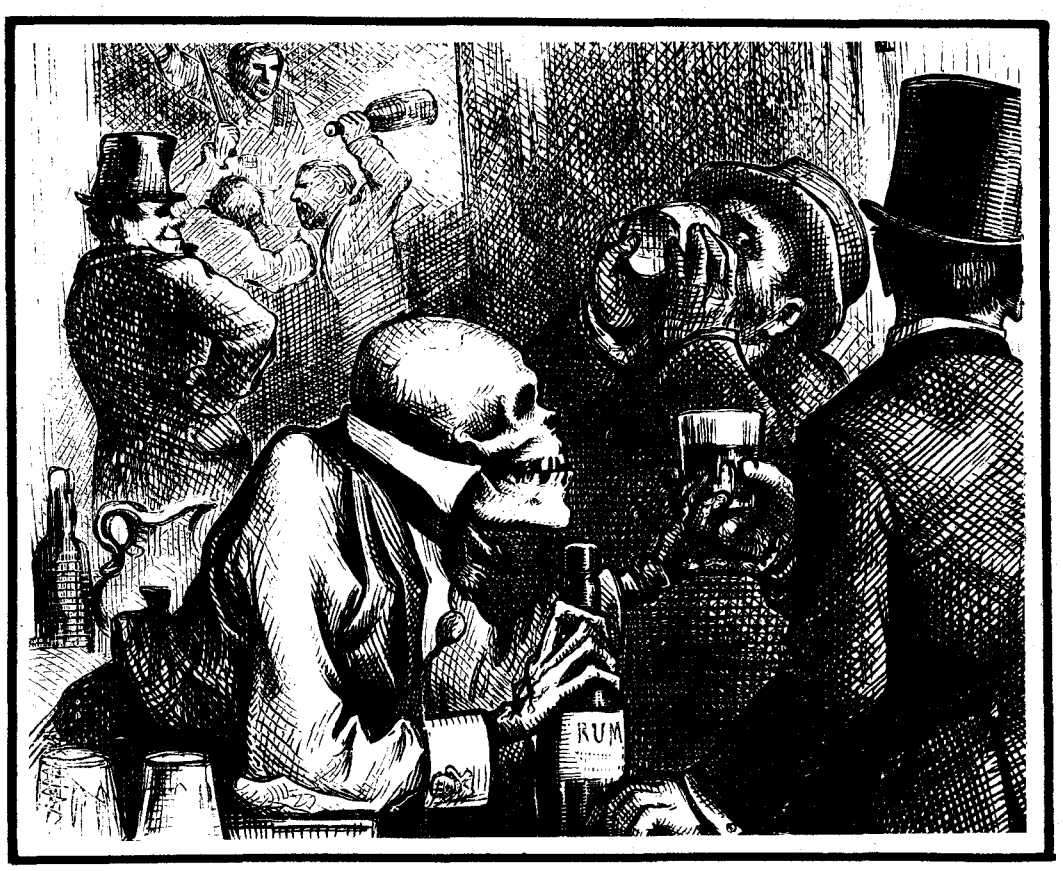
Our Creator's favorite method of curing His creatures of such egotistic fantasies would seem to be *reductio ad absurdum:* They want to be rich, so they accumulate wealth, which, thanks to inflation, turns out to be useless paper; they want to be secure, so they develop a weapon powerful enough to blow themselves and their earth to smithereens; they want to be carnal, and find themselves stranded in the wasteland of eroticism and porn; they are greedy for knowledge, and in seeking to know everything find they know nothing; they want to be free, and their freedom proves to be servitude, either to their own appetites, or to a Big Brother.

I see this process of *reductio ad absurdum,* already far advanced, soon reaching the point of no return, when the clear choice will present itself between the chaos of self-indulgence and dictatorial order. Faced with such a choice, the odds are that it is the latter that will be preferred. For, in the last resort, human beings will opt for order, however harshly imposed, in preference to chaos, however alluringly presented.

As Orwell envisaged, in a chaotic world, power emerges as the only reality, and the utopias which traffic in happiness, one after the other, are being seen as a pipedream. Now they lie about in the world like the ruins of old civilizations in Asia Minor and along the Mediterranean coast of Africa—heaps of ideological debris, smudged blueprints for an earthly paradise, empty rhetoric proclaiming the coming to pass of a suburban Garden of Eden. People in the eighties will have to live with these lost utopias as best they may, like Bedouins camping and watering their camels amidst the ruins of Carthage or Luxor.

There would seem to be three patterns to one or the other of which all current utopias conform: first, the American dream of happiness successfully pursued, funded by an ever rising Gross National Product, promoted by advertising in all its guises, and facilitated by nonstop technological developments; second, the socialist-welfare dream of a strictly egalitarian society in which citizens are cared for by the state from the moment of conception (though caring in this instance may take the form of extinction) to their burial or cremation; and, third, the Marxist-revolutionary dream of a triumphant proletariat who inherit the earth, leaving the abolished bourgeoisie to disappear from history, and the state and all its appurtenances to wither away, so that, with the mighty put down from their seats, the humble and meek may be exalted forever.

The number of true believers in these utopian expectations has been drastically shrinking of late, and by the time another decade has passed, may well have dwindled to practically none. Thus, Americans are increasingly content to settle for the realization of their dream in images on a television screen, or in glossy magazine pages, while beneficiaries under Britain's welfare state collect their benefits without bothering their heads about how and why they ever became available. As for the Marxist dream, in the USSR it has been embalmed with Lenin in his mausoleum, and elsewhere is liable to crop up on campuses wherever two or more sociologists are gathered together, among laicized Jesuits and svelte nuns with tiny crosses on their well-cut habits, and as background music at Labour Party annual conferences, culminating in the supreme moment when the trade union bosses and political leaders on the platform fraternally link arms and lustily intone the "Red Flag." Solzhenitsyn was surely correct when he said that in the USSR and its satellites it would be difficult to find one single citizen for whom Marxism was other than a sick joke.



Let us, then, take a look at these lost utopias which will assuredly be haunting the eighties as, according to the *Communist Manifesto,* the specter of Communism did earlier decades. I begin with the American dream. And what a dream that was! And how nearly it became the world's dream—something that is now largely forgotten. In the television age, the past is quickly obliterated; each day's news is

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

wiped off the video tapes in preparation for recording tomorrow's.

So, it is difficult now to recall that when I went to Washington as a *Daily Telegraph* correspondent shortly after the end of the Second World War, America was richer and more powerful, in terms of weaponry, than all the rest of the world put together.

Washington in those days was the center of the world. Whoever wanted anything, had any project to promote that needed funding, any plan for the betterment of mankind, was bound to show up there sooner or later. Seldom, if ever, can there have been so large and varied an assembly of mendicants in one place. On Capitol Hill, in the Senate especially, there was once again talk of America's manifest destiny, but, translated into the policy of President Truman's administration, this proved to be just handing out dollars to all and sundry, thereby, inevitably, earning the undying hatred of the recipients.

After thus wallowing, some of them uneasily, in their munificence, the Americans, behind their barrage of missiles pointing eastwards, settled down to enjoy their own affluence—not, indeed, in the Scott Fitzgerald style of the twenties, as a great binge, but as a way of life. In the process, position after position outside the United States was lost or surrendered. The American century prophesied by Henry Wallace fizzled out before it properly began, and the American dream resolved itself into a gigantic exercise in self-indulgence, at which the rest of the world looked on enviously, and, within such means as were available, sought to emulate. This was true even of the Communist countries, where authentic jeans were at a premium, and clandestine recordings of rock music a rare treasure. It might be said that pretty well everyone wanted to live like Americans, but knew deep inside them that they were fated sooner or later to live like Russians.

The seventies ended with the Americans meekly putting the case at the International Court of Justice at The Hague—which anyway has no power or authority—for the release of the staff of their Teheran Embassy, who had been taken and held as hostages by students acting on behalf of the Ayatollah Khomeini, a contemporary version of the Sudanese Mad Mullah of General Gordon's time. And hanging over them at home was the dread threat of a shortage of gasoline, the precious fluid which fuels the pursuit of happiness, making it possible, as P.G. Wodehouse put it, for everyone in Little Neck to drive on Sundays to Great Neck, and for everyone in Great Neck to drive to Little Neck. As the Soviet adventurism in Afghanistan adumbrates, other humiliations and anxieties lie ahead in the eighties.

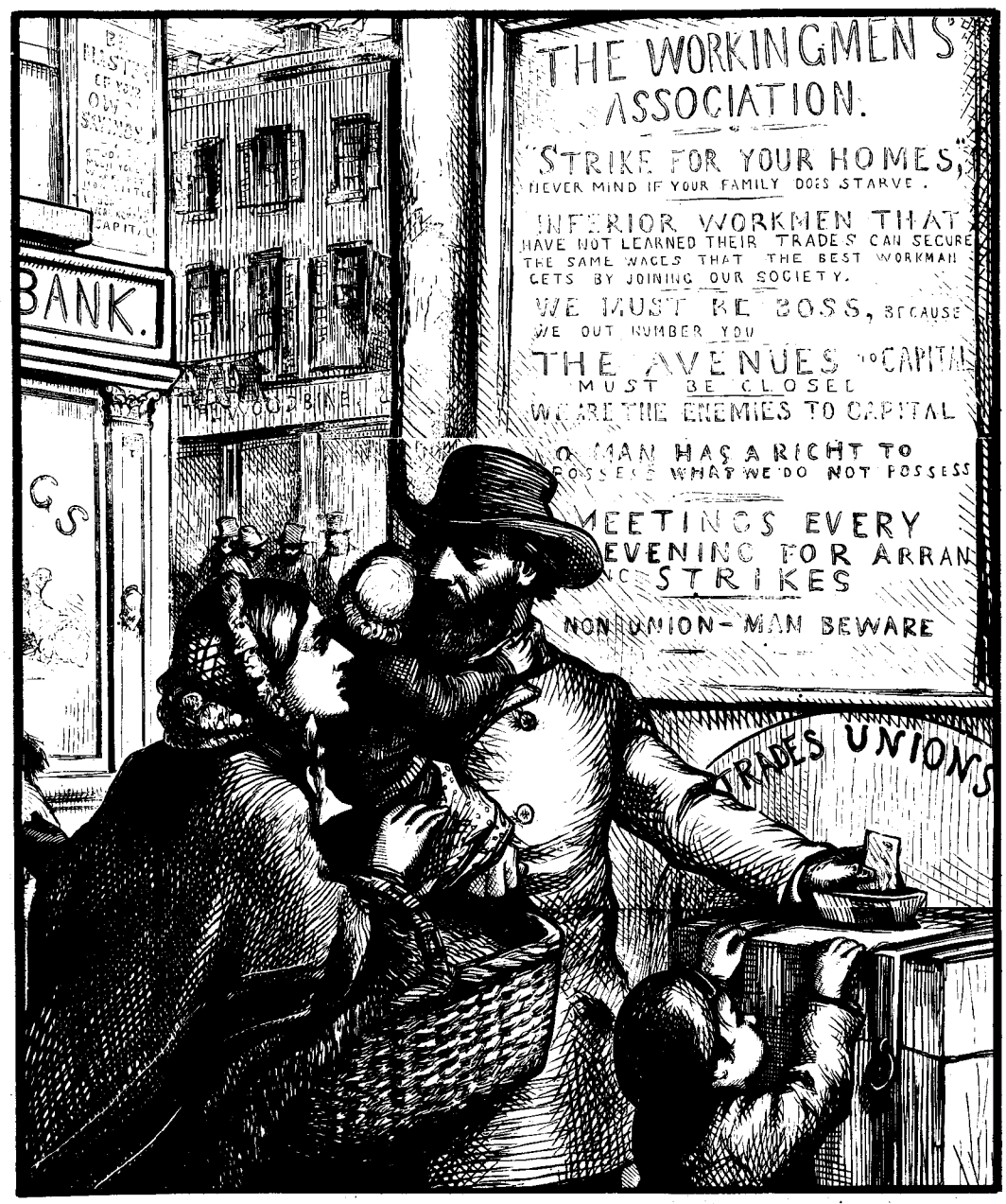
Of the American dream, then, all that remains at the beginning of the eighties is sex, the mysticism of materialism, and money, materialism's least convincing manifestation. "It was artfully contrived by Augustus Caesar," Gibbon writes, "that in the enjoyment of plenty, the Romans should lose the memory of freedom." In the case of the American dream, for Augustus Caesar read the media and the advertisers who support them.

Having, during the past half-century, had occasion, as a professional communicator, or, in St. Augustine's term, as a vendor of words, to watch over the happenings in the world, I have come to see that their significance lies, not in themselves, but in the revelation they provide of an inward fearful symmetry—Blake's expression—in our human affairs. The happenings, that is to say, like nature itself, are parables, bearing in themselves their own message. Thus, when one of the richest men in the world, Howard Hughes, dies of neglect, like any one of Mother Teresa's derelicts brought in from the streets of Calcutta, it spells the end of the mystique of money, just as the obsessive preoccupation with erotica in a society dedicated to carnality spells the end of the mystique of sex, leaving nothing.

The strong probability is, therefore, that in the eighties the American dream, deprived of these two essential elements—money and sex—will finally flicker out, like the images on a television screen when the power is cut off.

With the American dream thus summarily disposed of, how stands the socialist-welfare dream, our own special British line in utopias? In the most literal sense, I grew up with it. My earliest memories are of the arguments for and against—but mostly for—being marshaled in our suburban sitting-room, to the accompaniment of clouds of tobacco smoke and mild libations of whiskey and water. Or at open-air meetings, shouted against the noise of traffic and occasional dissenting interruptions. Then later, in grander style, in the columns of the *New Statesman* in its early days—we were original subscribers—or at Fabian lectures, with the majestic figure of George Bernard Shaw on the platform, red-bearded, Mephistophelian, his arms folded, explaining how there was no need to slaughter our millionaires, since their eventual death could more conveniently be assumed and thus death-duties levied. Or H.G. Wells in his squeaky voice propounding vast collective enterprises, and the vast benefits they would bring.

In a somewhat different vein, there was Dr. Hewlett Johnson, Dean of Canterbury, immaculate in gaiters and full deaconal rig, proclaiming from his pulpit that Stalin was busy building the Kingdom of Christ, which turned out to be itself, in the Dean's estimation, a super-welfare state. Or down


THE WORKINGMEN'S ASSOCIATION.
STRIKE FOR YOUR HOMES,
NEVER MIND IF YOUR FAMILY DOES STARVE.
INFERIOR WORKMEN THAT
HAVE NOT LEARNED THEIR TRADES CAN SECURE
THE SAME WAGES THAT THE BEST WORKMAN
GETS BY JOINING OUR SOCIETY.
WE MUST BE BOSS, BECAUSE
WE OUT NUMBER YOU
THE AVENUES TO CAPITAL
MUST BE CLOSED
WE ARE THE ENEMIES TO CAPITAL
O MAN HAS A RIGHT TO
POSSESS WHAT WE DO NOT POSSESS
MEETINGS EVERY
EVENING FOR ARRAN
STRIKES
NON UNION-MAN BEWARE
TRADES UNIONS
BANK.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

at Passfield Corner where the founding mother, Beatrice Webb, and her consort, Sidney, delivered their *pronunciamentos,* one of Beatrice's being, rather surprisingly, that "the unemployable, whether work-shy or merely inadequate, would have to be put in colonies and trained and disciplined according to their shortcomings"—which reads now like a plea for building a Gulag Archipelago in England's green and pleasant land.

It all seemed so wonderfully clear and simple. The workers, when, through nationalization they became part-owners of the enterprises in which they worked, could be relied on to give of their best, and would certainly never, never strike, if only because it would amount to striking against themselves. Since there would be no dividends to pay out, working conditions would assuredly go on improving steadily, thereby facilitating higher wages, shorter hours, and longer holidays. Likewise, the co-op stores, since they gave back all their profits to their customers in the form of dividends, could not but in time absorb to themselves all retail business.

Greatly expanded educational facilities at all levels would, as it were, phase out pursuits like gambling, drinking, dog-racing, and the grosser forms of womanizing, while crimes of violence might be expected to decline and ultimately disappear as living and working conditions went on improving. The Stock Exchange would close because there would be no speculators, and the brothels because there would be no whores. As for the Anglican Church, it would be disestablished, but if pockets of persistent believers lingered on, they would be allowed to make their own arrangements for worship in the confident expectation that, as they died off, there would be none to replace them.

In the groves of academe, ever expanding and multiplying to provide in due course a place for every citizen who wanted one, the teachers and writers and artists of the future, the makers of culture, would be incubated; while in urban areas, libraries and theaters and leisure centers would replace bookmakers, public houses, and low dives generally.

To guard against any relapse into the old squalid capitalist ways, the BBC would be called upon to follow strictly the guidelines laid down by the first Director-General, John Reith, whereby, as he put it in his inimitable style, "all things hostile to peace or purity would be banished from its programmes, and listeners and viewers, inclining their ears to whatsoever things were beautiful, honest and of good repute, would tread the paths of wisdom and righteousness."

In the seventies it had already become unmistakably clear that none of these expectations were to be realized in practice. The cultural yield of the groves of academe was more in the nature of slogan-shouting and punk music than art or scholarship. Far from flourishing, industry fell into a chronic decline, with the Mint as the only truly booming enterprise, and a new kind of economic miracle manifesting itself: high levels of unemployment coinciding with an acute labor shortage. As for Reith's hope that things hostile to peace or purity would be banished from the TV screen, it seemed positively to cherish them.

As the good ship socialist-welfare sails into the eighties, then, her condition sadly belies the enthusiasm and high hopes with which she was launched. Given that condition—battered and bedraggled, with a mutinous crew and a newly-appointed skipper and officers whose seamanship, such as it is, would seem to belong to other climes and seas, her engines in a deplorable state and liable to break down at any moment—the good ship's chances of navigating the stormy weather ahead and arriving at her destination must be regarded as negligible.

The third of our contemporary utopias, the Marxist-revolutionary one, took shape when, in the 1914-1918 war, the Germans injected Lenin into the body politic of Russia—an early essay in germ-warfare. At the same time, there had emerged in the United States a notable exponent of the American dream at its most elevated, in the person of President Woodrow Wilson, a Princeton don, with a high mind, a slow voice, and a tall hat. The two of them—Lenin and Wilson—were, indeed, Janus faces gazing in opposite directions. They symbolize the confrontation we have all been living with in recent decades, and that in the decade ahead may be expected to erupt—Lenin with his incisive words and ruthless purposes, Wilson with his meandering utterance and generalized goodwill. As soon as Lenin had the reins of power in his hands, he set up the Cheka, an organ of terrorism which, under various initials, the latest being KGB, became an integral part of the Soviet regime; whereas Wilson, at about the same time, labored earnestly to advance the institution of a League of Nations at Geneva as a custodian of world peace, to be later resurrected as the United Nations in Manhattan, the whole enterprise amounting to a 20th-century Tower of Babel, in which, as in the original one, many speak in diverse tongues, but few listen and none understand.

Through the first decades of its existence, the Soviet regime went on attracting the enthusiastic admiration and support of the intellectual elite of the Western world, despite purges, terrorism, famines, and the emergence of Stalin as a ruthless and bloodthirsty dictator. The extraordinary credulity they displayed on their visits to the USSR, their naive acceptance of everything they were told about the prosperity and well-being of the population, provided a hilarious, if somewhat macabre, spectacle, which I had the privilege of enjoying when I was in Moscow as a *Manchester Guardian* correspondent.

Subsequently, the euphoria has spent itself, and the Marxist-revolutionary utopia has gone the way of the other two in losing its believers. Only an occasional empty-headed actress, or trade union boss back from a free holiday by the Black Sea, or clergyman out on an ideological spree, is prepared to champion the Soviet regime as a source of light and hope in a dark world. Likewise, since the death of Mao, and the discrediting of his associates, voices acclaiming the amazing rise in the standard of life in China, the absence of flies,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and the skills of the barefoot doctors seem to be largely stilled. The game in the eighties will be a power game merely.

In practice, if not in theory, the Marxist-revolutionary utopia came to an end in the thirties, when Stalin killed off all the Marxist revolutionaries who had made the October Revolution, first inducing them to confess that they had worked for foreign intelligence services, including the American one, which did not then exist. Having thus disposed of the Revolution and the revolutionaries, Russia could resume its history, with Stalin as Tsar, and pursue its old pan-Slav imperialist policies. This has been done with outstanding success, so that Russia has become immeasurably more powerful, and extended its territory and influence further and more effectively than ever was the case under the Romanovs.

A good place for considering how matters now stand between the two so-called superpowers, in the light of this great accession of Russian power, is standing on the Berlin Wall, with on one side the Western city, on the other the Eastern city, and in between the no-man's land dividing the two, with its land-mines, its armed patrols, its guard-dogs and look-out posts.

Let us suppose we are standing on the Wall at dusk. In West Berlin already the neon lights are coming out, announcing the evening's pleasures: restaurants and hotels, strip joints and sex shops, theaters and cinemas and discos, the news even, in dancing illuminated letters—all the munificence in entertainment, pleasure, and refreshment 20th-century hedonism has to offer, spelled out in luminous words against the gathering darkness. The pursuit of happiness written like a rainbow across the sky. Then, in East Berlin, the characteristic evening street scene in any Communist city: pedestrians hurrying homewards with that curious, somehow furtive walk of people who have grown accustomed to living with fear and privation; shops with few goods to display in their windows, and only very occasional motor cars; lights coming out meagerly, one by one, in comparison with the blaze across the way; and, with the frontier so near, a noticeable police presence, the *Vopos,* perambulating two by two.

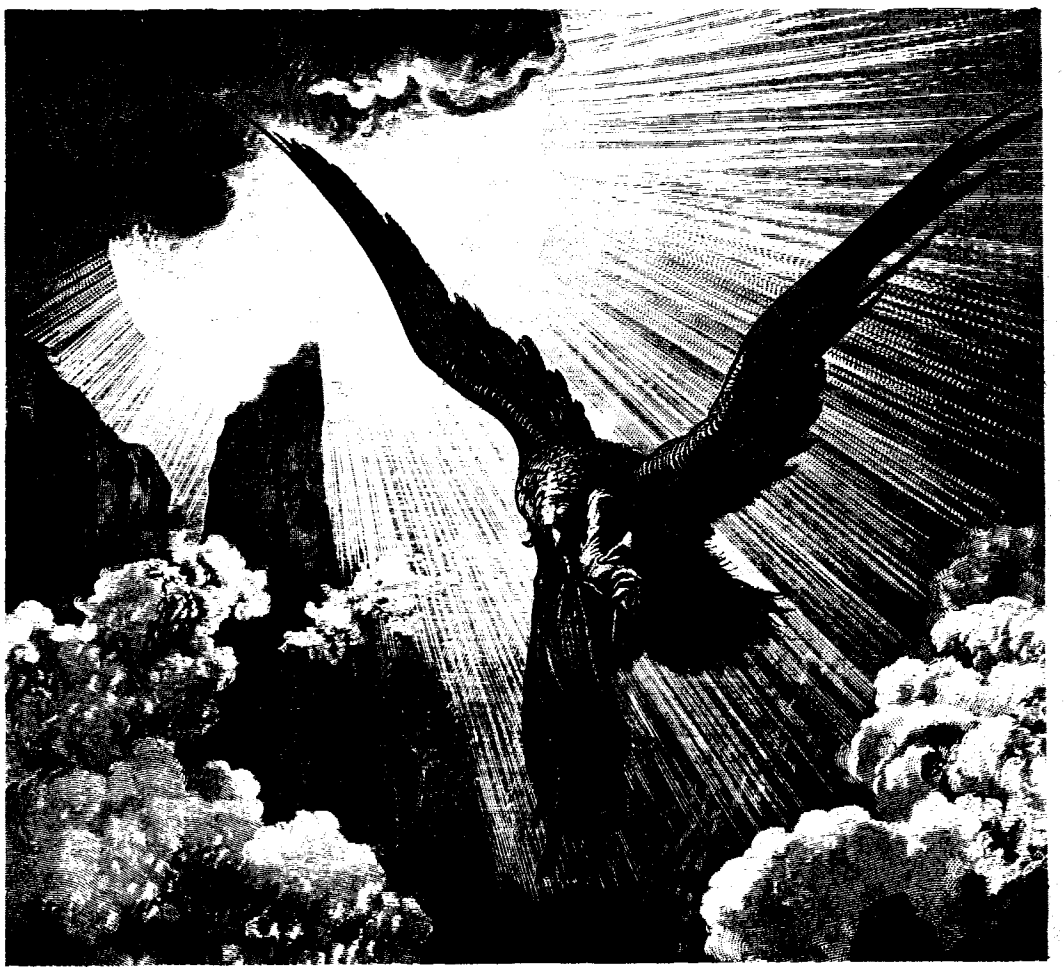
At the Wall, two lost utopias conjoin, and, like two drunks, in a certain sense hold on to one another, their confrontation being clearly in terms, not of freedom and servitude, but of two different kinds of servitude. East Berlin is the extremity of an empire now stretching almost without a break from Berlin's Wall to China's, and soon, perhaps, taking in India, and maybe receiving back China into the fold, with large and growing affiliates in Africa, and promising possibilities for expansion in the Caribbean and Latin America and maybe Quebec. Against this stands the Western Alliance, grouped round America and comprising the distracted countries of Western Europe, themselves joined together in a European union of sorts, as nebulous and seemingly ill-fated as the Holy Roman Empire. It would surprise me if another decade slipped by without this particular expression of *reductio ad absurdum* becoming dramatically manifest: that the only serious defense today of what used to be called the free world is America's nuclear power, which the Americans will never have the ruthlessness to use; and even were they willing to use it, the Europeans would never have the nerve to agree. "That the Romans did not conquer the world is certain," Spengler writes. "They merely took possession of a booty that was open to everyone." Do they, I wonder, read Spengler in the Kremlin? I hope not.

To sum up—before this century is over, the countries of the West will have adopted in practice the materialist view of life they have already adopted in principle. The churches will either fall in with this (as, actually, many already have) or become extinct with residual followers carrying on fellowship in clandestinity. Similarly, with the ostensible revival of Islam taking place, notably in the Middle East and Iran, the oil revenues speak, the Shah goes and the Ayatollah comes, the muezzin (now recorded on tape) is played more frequently, the incidence of power shifts; but few, if any, souls will be saved thereby. Education will be solely concerned with literacy and implanting whatever version of materialism happens to be current. All this will come to pass of itself; indeed, to a great extent it has already, with the media, especially television, ensuring the requisite indoctrination—viz., man is the only incumbent, and satisfying his needs the only pursuit, on earth or in the universe. In such circumstances, there will be no literature other than escapist fantasies, no music except muzak and discord, no buildings except indeterminate concrete masses, no thought except acquiescence, no art except photography, no entertainment except porn and inconsequential lunacy.

Yet underneath this frozen surface seeds will begin to germinate; through cracks in the concrete face, tiny green shoots will appear; in the darkness, glimmers of light will shine. And where has all this started happening? In the unlikeliest of all places—the Gulag. It is there, where there is no freedom, that freedom is being rediscovered—there, where there is no hope, that hope is reborn. Thus, Solzhenitsyn writes:

> It was only when I lay there on rotting prison straw that I sensed within myself the first stirrings of good. Gradually it was disclosed to me that the line separating Good and Evil passes, not through States, nor between classes, nor between political parties, but right through every human heart—and through all human hearts. . . . And that is why I turn back to the years of my imprisonment and say, sometimes to the astonishment of those about me: "Bless you, prison, for having been in my life!"

Solzhenitsyn is, of course, not alone; there are many others. It is such words as his, such experiences as he describes, that make me say, and mean, as a final comment on these and other times: Thy will be done. □



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

John Nollson

THE FOUR YEAR ITCH

I was heading up Highway 80, the famous interstate campaign road that connects Florida with the Midwest, making very good time in the Buick Electra I had rented from Avis with my campaign credit card. I had been traveling that road since it was first widened to four lanes many years ago. I could see that years of heavy traffic had caused potholes to appear, and some of the lines were in need of repainting. Sometimes, one wondered whether it was a campaign road at all. Federal regulations had caused all the billboards to be removed. But the romance was still there, and I felt contented and snug inside the Buick as it sped along the highway, highbeams blazing, since, to tell the truth, there were no cars coming in the opposite direction.

It was about three a.m. and I was now in Kentucky. I was reasonably alert. I had been monitoring the emergency channel on the CB radio. Those periodic calls for help, broadcast out into the night by various candidates, had helped to keep me awake. Two or three times an hour, I picked up those anxious voices describing the familiar accidents: a media blitz had jackknifed, trapping the candidate in the cab; a candidate was pinned down in a fusillade of small-arms fire directed by the National Rifle Association; a candidate, abandoned by those who had purported to love him, was behind the wheel all by himself, with nothing but the plaintive music of a nearby country-and-western station to keep him company.

I had become accustomed to those pleas born of anguish and despair, propelled through the darkness by mobile CB transmitters, yet I was now hardened to them. I had seen a lot in my time and there was one thing I had learned: There was no such thing as a Good Samaritan Act in this business. Everybody had to fix his own flat tires. I would expect no more for myself if the big Buick were to give out on me.

But such thoughts were nothing if they were not an indication that I could do with a cup of coffee and maybe even some breakfast. I took the next exit and was fortunate to find a diner truck-stop with its lights on, with a half-ton pickup parked in the lot. I eased the Buick into a parking spot, got out, and turned up my collar against the chill. Even with spring just arrived, it was still cold in Kentucky.

The eatery appeared to be deserted, except for the counterman, who seemed pleased to see me. "Business has slowed down some here the past couple of weeks," he said. "We used to have a lot of those big 18-wheelers pull in, but now we're lucky when even an old Dodge pullin' a U-Haul comes by. What'll it be?"

The counterman set out a mug of coffee and retreated into the kitchen to fix the eggs, toast, and fried potatoes I had ordered. I had asked for scrambled eggs, having sensed in advance that there was no use asking for shirred eggs with a side of creamed spinach.

As I got accustomed to the place, I realized that I was not the only patron. There was one other, a woman, seated so far off in a corner that I hadn't noticed her at first. She had a table all to herself and, as I studied her, she seemed not unattractive. Nor was she happy. In fact, she was picking at her own scrambled eggs in an absent-minded fashion. I picked up my mug of coffee and walked over to her.

"Maybe you'd like some company," I said. "It can get kind of lonely out here on the campaign road in the middle of night. In fact, I'm kind of lonely myself."

She looked up at me, and a faint smile came to her sad eyes and played for an instant about her tired face. When she spoke, her inflection revealed her to be a woman of rural origins. "Just by lookin' at you," she said, "I can tell you're a real gentleman. You've got one of those shirts with little buttons on the collar, like only real gentlemen wear. Please sit down."

I took advantage of that awkward moment of silence to get a better look at her. She was no longer young, and her eye makeup could not hide it. She had very attractive red hair, but here, too, it was obvious that the sheen was not wholly natural. She was a rather large and altogether striking woman, well put together, to use the idiom of the region. And her clothes, though not too tightly-fitted, nonetheless conveyed a sense that there was a lot of woman packed into that attire.

"What's your name?" I asked.

"Maureen," she answered, "but ever since I was a little girl, my daddy called me Mo, and that's what all my friends have called me ever since."

"Hello, Mo," I said with a smile, as I introduced myself. "Which way are you headed?"

"No place in particular," she answered, "and if there was, I don't have any way to get there. I thought I was going to Chicago—at least that's what he said when he offered to drive me there from Miami. It wasn't four hours when we stopped at this place so I could visit the ladies' room. But when I got back to the parking lot, he was gone. Him and his baby blue Volvo—just gone. And I had thought he wouldn't be like the others. He was so nice to me. We stayed at the best motels on the way up the highway. We ate nothing but steak for dinner and, after dinner, well. . ."

I guess I knew what she meant. By now, the counterman had brought my eggs over to the table and, as I sprinkled pepper on them, I could not deny that Mo was the kind of woman worthy of a gentleman's best efforts.

"Mo," I said, "it's a sad story you have to tell, but it's not the first time something like this has happened."

"I know that," she said, "but I know how *he* will tell the story. He'll say that I left him on the side of some dark road in the middle of nowhere, and I won't be around to defend myself. He'll make it look like I picked him up and took *him* for the ride, but it's really the other way 'round, you see. That's the way the guys talk, you know, so how can a girl protect her reputation? Even his wife will forgive him. They always do. Somehow his wife will find out that he's traveled a thousand miles with a girl half his age, but I'll get all the blame. But I'm not the fickle one. The guys like to think I've jilted them, and that's the way they tell it, but it's not that way at all."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I had to admit that I'd never heard the story told quite that way before. Was Mo nothing but one of those campaign groupies, waiting to be driven off by the first handsome aspirant who winked at her? Or was she, as she claimed to be, nothing but the victim, sweet-talked, then abandoned? I had never heard a country-music song with this particular theme, so I couldn't know for sure. All I knew was that, if Mo were right, then I'd really have to think about things in a new way.

"Mo," I said, "I have my Buick Electra parked outside, and it's loaded with options. I'm bound for Detroit, so I'll give you a ride all the way there, or I'll let you out anywhere along the way. And we won't have to worry about food or fuel, because I've got my campaign credit cards, and I don't think they're going to take them away from me."

"Well," said Mo, in a voice shaded with the wisdom that only deep experience and hard living can provide, "I'll go with you. But you're the one who'll end up deciding how far we ride, not me. You won't be like the others, will you?"

"Not a chance," I said. "In fact," I added, "you won't have to worry about me. I'm the one with a difference." □

Tom Bethell

SIDING WITH SUPPLY

By razing Keynes.

On March 19, a day or two after the market responded to President Carter's fourth and latest anti-inflation program by falling 23 points, its biggest drop in months, Art Pine wrote in the *Washington Post*:

> The new signs of heightened economic slowdown generally were welcomed by the Carter Administration, which is seeking to dampen consumer spending in an effort to slow the inflation rate.

This is fairly representative of the conventional wisdom on such matters. Inflation, it seems, is caused by too much consumer spending, people "demanding" too much. Therefore, the solution is to cause a recession, knock people out of their jobs. Then they won't have paychecks, and they will stop showing up in the stores in the guise of consumers demanding goods. Demand will drop, prices will stabilize, and inflation will go away. This pattern of economic thought, truly dismal, is based on the "Phillips Curve" (named after a British economist), which purports to demonstrate a trade-off between unemployment and inflation. The more you have of one, the less you have of the other. As a *New York Times* editorial said on the same day, I suppose with a touch of irony (hard to tell): "The best the President can hope to achieve now is a speedy descent into recession." This, the paper added, "used to be called the 'Republican Solution' " to inflation.

You can only imagine that the cause of inflation is *people working* if it is your habit to think solely on the demand side of the economic equation. But people working also help to make things, to *supply* things; if their activity is withdrawn from the economy then there will be a reduction of supply that is at least equivalent to their reduced consumption (demand). If you see that, then you are thinking on the supply side.

Very few people in official Washington have managed to think on the supply side for 40 years at least. One of the reasons for this is that government officials themselves exist purely on the demand side of life. They consume mightily, but they produce next to nothing. An economic theory—Keynesianism—which operates only on the demand side is bound to have a certain appeal and cogency to such people.

But not everyone in government accepts the Keynesian model. Here is what Rep. Jack Kemp of New York has to say about the Phillips Curve in his estimable book, *An American Renaissance: A Strategy for the 1980s**:

> The public is often told that curing inflation requires higher taxes, higher unemployment, slower economic growth and a ceiling on pay increases. These "cures" follow from the idea that individuals cause inflation through their wage and price greed, and that the government had no hand in the decline of the value of its currency. But inflation is not caused by workers working, businesses doing business, consumers consuming or producers producing. Wages, prices and profits no more cause inflation than wet streets cause rain. Little wonder that these kinds of cures for inflation are both unpopular and ineffective.

Here, as elsewhere in his book, Kemp is addressing the most important problems facing the United States today, nearly all of which derive, in one way or another, from the encrustation of many decades of faulty

*Harper & Row, $8.95

Tom Bethell is the Washington editor of Harper's *and* The American Spectator*'s Washington columnist.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

economic analysis. The supply-side argument that he espouses is the way out of the woods.

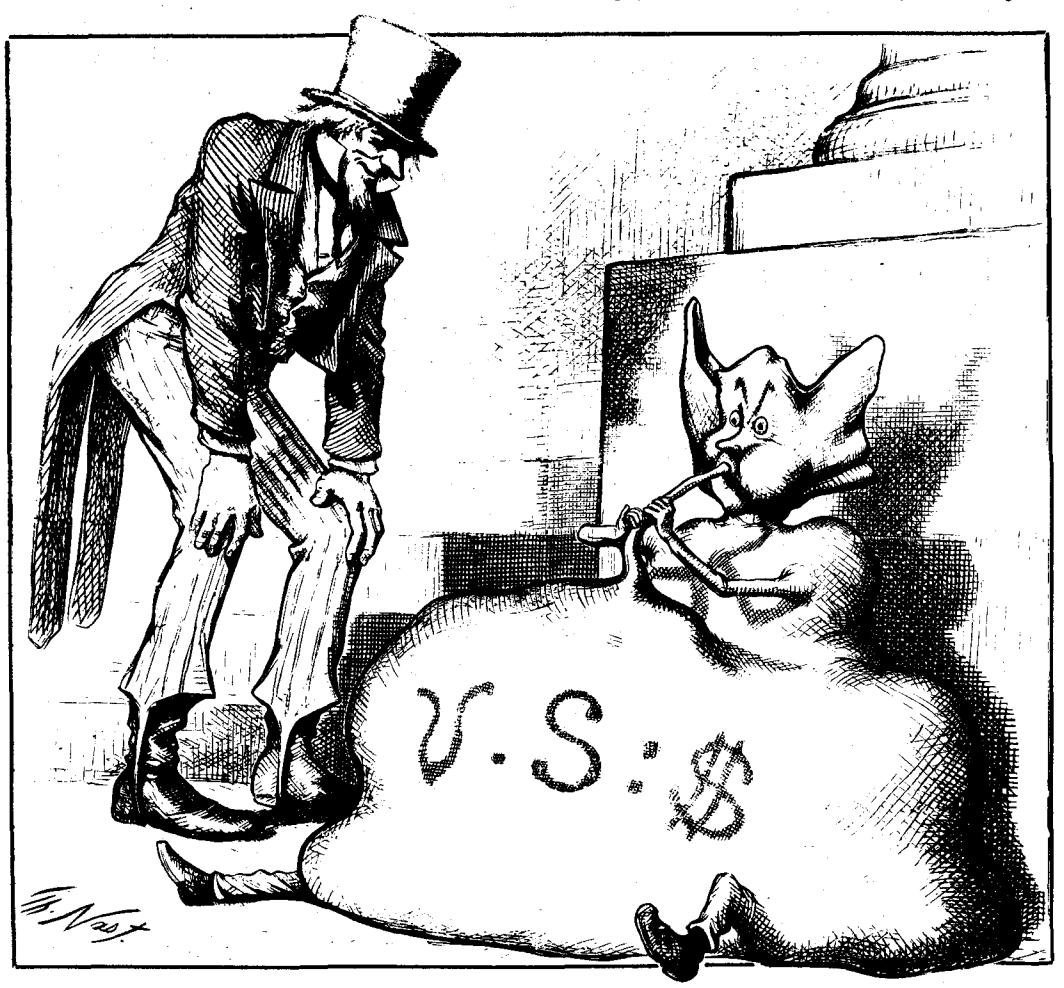
I realize that Kemp had a certain amount of help in putting his book together, but if you go and spend an hour talking supply-side theory with him in his office, as I did recently, he will easily convince you that he has really grasped the not-always-simple ideas of supply-side theory at a time when the majority of his colleagues are still mired in demand-side thinking. He is joined in this achievement by one or two of his colleagues, of course, notably Rep. Dave Stockman of Michigan. There are also a fair number of conservatives in Congress who vote as though they were putting supply-side theory into practice, but because they don't publicly discuss the theory (or "the model," as Kemp puts it) they are not given credit for being in the intellectual vanguard and tend to be taken less seriously. Reps. Robert Bauman of Maryland and John Ashbrook of Ohio come to mind.

The supply-side "model" is really a mirror image of Keynesianism. John Maynard Keynes, the British economist, decreed in the 1930s that it was at times permissible for governments to spend more than they took in, in order to unbalance the budget (but only in lean years). This Keynesian dictum was to make intellectually respectable a reversal of something called "Say's Law," named for Jean Baptiste Say, an 18th-century French philosopher who said, in essence: Supply creates demand. That is: Before things exist, people don't want them. But when they are made, appetites are stirred and "demand" foments in the customer's mind. Say's Law was innocently rediscovered in the 1950s by John Kenneth Galbraith, who truthfully pointed out that advertising makes people want things that they otherwise wouldn't.

In the Keynesian model, it's the other way around. Demand comes first. This is the doctrine toward which economists have remained deferential for 45 years. It conjures up the following image in the mind's eye: A factory manager stands in an empty factory beside a stationary assembly line. Then a customer comes to the door, with the news that he would like to buy a car. The manager calls up the workers and they dutifully start up the assembly line. Demand creates supply.

The theory fitted the 1930s nicely, because there was at that time deflation, a shortage of money, an underutilized industrial capacity. There were producers, but few buyers—a consumer shortage! The solution: pump up the economy, put money in people's pockets, put them to work (even if only sweeping leaves), and pay them with money not yet in the Treasury. They will spend the money, and this new demand will start up the assembly lines. The greater level of economic activity will generate a larger "pie," a greater taxable base. Thus, revenues will catch up with spending without having to increase taxes. The budget will come into balance of its own accord.

Later on, mathematical economists came along with the statistical mumbo-jumbo needed to give Keynesianism an air of irrefutable science. In particular they "discovered" the "Keynesian multiplier," which says that if the government spends a dollar taken out of your pocket, it will multiply faster in the economy than if *you* had spent it. (You can imagine how the politicians loved that one.) The reasoning for this was grounded in an assumption that was built into the equations from the beginning: that money saved plays no role in the development of an economy. You will spend part of that above-mentioned dollar, but you will save some of it, too. The government, on the other hand, will spend it all. Keynes got it into his head that the Depression had been caused by too much saving. Ever since, savings have been regarded as a bad thing by Keynesians; savings actually detract from GNP in the econometric model of one of the leading forecasting services, Otto Eckstein's Data Resources, Inc. (And in the Wharton School model, too.) The connection between savings and investment (banks lending out the money that you deposit in a savings account) does not exist in the forecasts and projections upon which the U.S. budget is based. In fact, although more and more commentators are beginning to complain about our low savings rate, the Congressional Budget Office's projections continue to assume that savings have a negative effect on GNP.



Beginning around the early 1960s, the United States became less and less a country whose business was business, and more and more a featherbed for those whose lives were spent on the demand side: consumers, tax-eaters of various stripes, government payrollers, welfare recipients. No matter, the economists continued to assure us: Demand creates supply. And so the ever-growing non-productive sector continued to rest comfortably on the back of the economy, reassured by the Keynesian oracles that its weight was not a burden so much as an inducement to make more and more goods.

But the problem was that the ranks of those being induced began to grow rather thin, and eventually the burden did become insupportable: Supply failed to keep up with demand, even when plants were operating at full capacity or near it. New plants were needed, but high tax rates discouraged the necessary investment; the number of goods grew less rapidly than the money needed to buy them, which spelled inflation; tax rates were raised even more and the threshold at which they took effect was lowered, in order to try to elicit the revenues needed to pay for the ever-expanding array of government programs.

Clearly it was time once again to encourage people to make things, not just buy them. Thus, the appeal of supply-side economics. The great guru of the supply side movement has been Arthur Laffer, the economist now at the University of Southern California. Oddly enough, his best known recommendation has a Keynesian ring to it: Unbalance the budget on the revenue, not the spending, side. Instead of increasing spending programs, reduce tax

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

rates. This rate reduction may briefly create deficits, but it will create new expectations for the future, a potential for long-term profit, or capital gain, from business investment. In consequence, capital will be redirected away from bonds, real estate, and gold (in which positions capital may be said to be "on strike"), and into productive investment. Perhaps the most important change that would occur as a result of lowered tax rates would be a surfacing of the underground economy (estimated by some to be 20 percent of GNP) and an exchange of non-taxable leisure for taxable work. This increase in productive activity would in turn mean a larger pie, a greater taxable base, with the result that a reduction of tax rates is likely to produce an increase in tax revenues. Laffer's essential point is that tax rates and tax revenues may be inversely proportional.

The most widespread error of officialdom at present is that all current forecasts by the Treasury, the Congressional Budget Office, and government economists generally assume a static world. Thus if a million people are paying one quarter of their earnings to the government, and the average earnings of the million are, let us say, $10,000 a year, the government will collect $2.5 billion. Now raise the tax rate so that these people will pay on average half their salary to the government. How much will the government collect now? Treasury types will immediately say $5 billion.

The supply-sider on the other hand will say that you have to assume a "dynamic world" in which the increased tax rate will elicit entirely different behavior from our million people. Some will stop filing tax returns, others will devote a greater proportion of their time to non-taxable leisure, others may emigrate, many more will find ways to underreport their income. As a result, the new revenue may well be no higher than the old. It may be lower. Tax rates and tax revenues must not be confused. (One of the main reasons for this confusion is that many people, including tax-cutters, make the mistake of expressing tax changes in revenues rather than rates. Thus: "a tax-cut of $1 billion" presumably means a rate reduction, which *may* produce a revenue *increase*.)

When Jeffrey Bell ran for the U.S. Senate in New Jersey, he used to illustrate the point about rates and revenues by discussing the toll on the Tacony-Palmyra Bridge in Philadelphia. Suppose you had a $100 toll on this bridge (your "tax rate"). How much revenue would you collect? Suppose you lowered the toll to $1, would your revenues increase or decrease?

The day I went to see Jack Kemp in the Rayburn Office Building he told me he was "discouraged." The House had just voted through the windfall profits tax (a tax *rate* increase on oil production which is assumed, no doubt quite erroneously, to bring in $227 billion in the course of a decade: the true revenue figure will surely be lower than that). In addition, Kemp and a group of legislators had met President Carter in the White House that morning.

"He still confuses tax rates and tax revenues," Kemp told me. "And I don't say it disrespectfully. It is probably the most confusing part of the model." Carter's plan is to balance the budget by increasing taxes still further.

But confusion isn't the only thing preventing the general acceptance of supply-side theory. After all, supply-siders would ask that we do something to help *businessmen* and in many people's eyes this is unforgivable. (What? Encourage people to become profiteering entrepreneurs rather than noble consumers?) Some people, like Leonard Silk of the *New York Times* and Herbert Stein in the *Wall Street Journal*, have tried to discredit the idea by arguing that it is antiquated. When Silk heard about supply-side theory the other day, he grabbed his pen in a desperate attempt to stop the rot. "Later in the 18th Century," he wrote, "supply-side economics was pushed to an extreme by Jean-Baptiste Say, whose main theorem was, 'Supply creates its own demand.' By this Say meant that a general glut in production or a depression was impossible. . . . Unfortunately, however, Say's beautiful theory was killed by the ugly fact of gluts and depressions."

In case you think that Silk's word isn't gospel, this is what Judith Miller, a *Times* economic correspondent, wrote four days later in the same newspaper: "Later in the same century Jean-Baptiste Say pushed supply-side economics to its illogical extreme, arguing that 'supply creates its own demand.' Periodic gluts, and ultimately the Great Depression, among other things, proved him wrong." She, of course, does not explain why these gluts are bad. If you have a lot of something, then the price will go down. That would be a good way to tackle the problem of inflation, no? "We need gluts," Kemp said when I brought the subject up. "We need a glut of energy, we need a glut of jobs. Gluts would be the perfect solution to our problem."

We also need a general income tax and corporate profit tax cut. It is important to understand that a supply-side tax cut does *not* mean a cut aimed at a specific location in the economy, thus channeling economic activity in that direction. That kind of attempt to direct the market turns out to be national economic planning in another guise. It leads inexorably to such follies as the Chrysler bailout. The proposed capital cost recovery act—accelerated depreciation—is likewise a step in a dangerous direction.

The well instructed supply-sider will point out that all attempts to channel economic activity assume that politicians know more than businessmen, and in particular that politicians are clairvoyant enough to foresee where industrial innovation is going to occur. Precisely because no one knows this, it is important to have tax cuts across the board so that the benefits will accrue in whatever unexpected direction innovation takes place.

Finally, it is high time that the "Keynesian multiplier" was thrown out, thus at last depriving politicians of their rationale for spending more of our money, rather than less, whenever the economy seems to need stimulating (which, as Paul Craig Roberts has pointed out, is at all stages of the business cycle these days). Fortunately, Michael Evans of Evans Economics, formerly head of Chase Econometrics and one of the designers of the Wharton model, has recently completed a new, supply-side model under contract with the Senate Finance Committee. His principal finding, reported in a recent issue of *Challenge* magazine, is that "a corporate income tax cut has a larger effect on the economy than does a personal income tax cut, which in turn has a larger effect than an increase in government spending." The principal reason: "A reduction in tax rates increases the incentives of individuals to save by raising the rate of return on assets held by individuals. This higher savings leads to lower interest rates and higher investment."

This is common sense, but in the context of the present statism, it is little short of revolutionary. It will be bitterly resisted by those on Capitol Hill who for the past two decades have had a terrific time spending other people's money and being simultaneously reassured that they were thereby acting in the national interest. Now that reassurance is about to be withdrawn. I don't know which side will win the great debate that is likely to ensue, but if the future vitality of the U.S. economy is of any concern to us, then we must hope that Messrs. Laffer, Kemp, Evans, *et al.* prevail. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PRESSWATCH

IS THERE INTELLIGENCE AT THE *TIMES?*

by Michael Ledeen

What is the secret dream of every red-blooded American journalist? To be an intelligence agent. Consider the treatment given by the *Los Angeles Times* to an Associated Press story on March 13, in which General George Keegan, former chief of Air Force Intelligence, was quoted on the relations between the Soviet KGB and the "militants" holding the American prisoners at our embassy in Teheran. Keegan had said that the "militants" were part of an "elite corps of agents trained by the Soviet Union," and he went on to suggest that millions of dollars (in gold) had been paid to Soviet agents in Iran. In the midst of this story, the *Times* interjected its own "intelligence":

> However, correspondents of the *Times* who visited the Embassy reported that though some of the militants' leaders were trained by Palestinians, the majority appear to be genuine Islamic revolutionaries motivated by religious concerns. There appears to be no basis for the charge that they are Soviet agents, the correspondents have reported.

I can just imagine the conversations between the *Times'* correspondents and the terrorists inside the compound:

> *Timesperson:* Excuse me, we're working on a story dealing with the relations between your group and the KGB. Can you tell me how many Soviet agents are involved in this operation?
>
> *Student militant:* May your imperialist toes curl upward. We are simple religious fanatics, not agents of satanic forces.
>
> *Timesperson:* But is it not true that there are people here that were trained by the PLO?
>
> *Student militant:* Of course, but what of it? Your own president referred to the Palestinians as similar to the American civil rights movement of the sixties. We are proud to have some of our Palestinian brothers with us in our struggle for Allah.

The unstated assumption in the *Times'* editorial interjection is that any good journalist is in possession of as much information as an intelligence service. I have great admiration for good journalists, but there is simply no excuse for that kind of arrogance. What is the meaning of the claim that "there appears to be no basis for the charge that they are Soviet agents"? It means that the story was uncovered by the government (or a government), and not by the press. You can be sure that if the claim of KGB involvement in the Embassy takeover had come from Seymour Hersh, or Carl Bernstein, no such skepticism would have been expressed.

Michael Ledeen is Executive Editor of the Washington Quarterly.

But the award for nincompoopery of the month goes to Carl T. Rowan for his column on "propaganda and policy" published in the *Washington Star* on March 3. Rowan was upset—in part, rightly—about a campaign against the current regime at USICA (the latest acronym for the old United States Information Agency) apparently directed from the National Security Council. The complaint, according to Rowan, is that "the Soviets have been out-broadcasting and out-lying the Voice of America." This is Rowan's peculiar way of phrasing the undeniable superiority of the USSR in the current phase of the ideological struggle. He goes on to his main theme, which is that the use of the media is irrelevant to the geopolitical conflict:

> . . . it is important for Mr. Carter to remind everyone that "superior Soviet propaganda" is not remotely responsible for our troubles in Iran and Afghanistan. Policy decisions made by the Shah, and by occupants of our White House, brought on the current crises.

Moreover, Rowan views any attempt to improve America's "propaganda" capability as a mortal peril to the Republic:

> President Carter must impress upon his aides that even in times of crisis Americans will not, in panic, embrace totalitarianism and fascism.

These remarks are all the more remarkable because they come from a former director of the USIA, a man who appears to have forgotten that effective advocacy of our own cause in the face of a massive international disinformation campaign from the Soviets is quite different from "outlying" our enemies. And it's surprising to hear that a syndicated columnist believes that the forceful expression of one's own opinions equals "totalitarianism and fascism" (an awkward rhetorical redundancy as well as a grotesque misunderstanding of the role of ideas in our efforts to promote the democratic revolution).

Jack Anderson Department: For an example of the sort of panic that can sometimes overwhelm publicists, read Anderson's March 3 column in the *Washington Post* on Frank Church. This dangerous individual, whose committee toppled the Italian Minister of the Interior in 1976 on what proved to be baseless accusations, is now up for reelection and seems to be in some danger of losing. By all accounts he has been a poor chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, an organization that once wielded tremendous power in Washington but which has now virtually vanished from the front lines of policymaking. Anderson inverts the history of the Committee:

> If Lyndon Johnson wanted a Bay of Tonkin resolution to legitimize a disastrous war in Vietnam, the committee provided the rubber stamp. If Richard Nixon wanted to bomb Cambodia in secret, there were few rumbles of protest from the committee.
>
> But under Sen. Frank Church (D-Idaho) the committee is no longer the spavined thing of the past. He has reorganized the staff into a crack foreign policy team and has transformed the committee into a bulwark of strength.

I should have expected Senator Fulbright to protest this attempt at deception, and as for Frank Church, Anderson does not accurately remember his most recent demonstration of strength and understanding. This was Church's stance on the question of the Soviet brigade in Cuba last year: First, he boisterously announced that the brigade had to go. . . or else. Then the President said there was nothing to worry about. Then Senator Church dropped the issue. A bulwark of strength, indeed! But Anderson turns this around as well: "He quietly encouraged the president to stand firm in Cuba. . . ." In fact, the White House's complaint was that Church took the question to national television and announced the existence of the Soviet brigade before the President did.

It is now acknowledged that Carter made a hash of the effort to enlist Pakistan on behalf of the struggle to contain Soviet imperialism. The facts are fairly simple: We offered some sort of mixed military and economic aid package amounting to some 400 million dollars. President Zia said it was "peanuts." We said it was not.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Zbigniew Brzezinski and Warren Christopher went to Islamabad. Brzezinski aimed a rifle down the Khyber Pass. Christopher talked a bit. There seemed to be no clear picture of what we were offering, aside from the total amount (the well-known "bottom line"). Zia rejected it. End of story.

In the *Washington Post* on March 8, Don Oberdorfer gave a long analysis of what had gone wrong. He recounted the background, and then, in the next-to-last paragraph, wrote something that I have seen nowhere else, a real breakthrough:

> The tight-fisted Office of Management and Budget reportedly had a major role in establishing the figures, which leaked to the press before Pakistan was informed. President Mohammed Zia ul-Haq immediately denounced the sum as "peanuts," but the United States insisted that it would not be increased.

So it seems that it was simply a dispute about money, haggling over the final price. But the *Baltimore Sun* carried a short AP story two days later that put the matter in quite a different light. Quoting an article in *Der Spiegel* (why do these stories come out in the European press so much more often than in our own?), the AP writer said that Zia called Carter's various promises "empty talk" and went on to make the basic point: "Since the Soviet intervention in Afghanistan, more than two months have passed. . . What tangible has happened since then? Absolutely nothing."

So what did Zia do? He got in touch with the Soviet Union. Zia's complaint was not merely that the money was not enough. He realized that Jimmy Carter cannot be relied upon to defend him against his enemies, so he is making his peace with the polar bear. But neither Oberdorfer nor the *New York Times'* Bernard Gwertzman (who wrote a similar piece on March 10) bothered to remind their readers that the relations between Carter and Pakistan have been bad for some time, primarily because the Islamabad regime has decided that the United States has become the number two power in the world. Last summer the Pakistani Ambassador to Washington ran all over town telling everyone who would listen (and in most undiplomatic language) that he had been transferred to Moscow. This transfer, he said, was intended to signal to Carter that Pakistan considered Moscow more important than Washington.

Hence, if Jimmy Carter wanted Zia to help in containment, the American President had to act as if he were serious about challenging the Kremlin. He didn't. So Zia, who now fears a Carter embrace (it may hasten the arrival of Soviet forces in his country), called the American President a name, and sat down for some friendly conversations with the Soviets. This analysis, widely endorsed in Washington among foreign policy experts, did not make it into the press until much later in the month, and no one to my knowledge reminded the public about the theatrical gesture of the Islamabad regime last year. It's a pity, because we will undoubtedly see many more such acts in the near future. □

THE TALKIES

THE TRIALS OF ALGER HISS

by John Podhoretz

Thirty-two years ago, a former Soviet espionage agent named Whittaker Chambers made the astonishing accusation before the House Committee on Un-American Activities that Alger Hiss, a key figure among Roosevelt's New Dealers, a participant at the Yalta Conference, and at the time President of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, had actually been a member, with Chambers, of the Soviet Underground in Washington in the 1930s. Hiss sought to clear his name, and save his career, first by testifying before HUAC and then by suing Chambers for libel. As a result of the evidence Chambers then brought forward, Hiss was indicted for perjury. His first trial ended in a hung jury; in his second, he was found guilty, and sent to prison to serve a five-year sentence. Following his release in 1954, Hiss sought with ferocious determination to prove himself innocent. He claimed that: he was the victim of an insane homosexual whom he knew as George Crosley, but who turned out to be Whittaker Chambers; he was the victim of a massive FBI cover-up; and, most important, he was the victim of a campaign of political hysteria, begun by Harry Truman, continued by Richard Nixon and the other members of HUAC, and brought to its apex by Joseph McCarthy. That campaign, he claimed, made possible a "witch-hunt," an attempt to prove that Communists were secretly controlling the destiny of this country by their access to the highest members of the government. Thirty-two years after the astonishing accusation, Alger Hiss is still trying to clear his name, and has just been immeasurably aided by the appearance of a two-and-one-half-hour documentary called *The Trials of Alger Hiss*.

The movie is a series of interviews, which are separated and clarified by newsreels describing the Hiss-Chambers confrontations, by still photographs, by footage of the open session of the House Committee on Un-American Activities (which was the first official encounter between accuser and accused), and by footage of a question-and-answer session held by Hiss at Johns Hopkins University in 1978. In addition to Hiss, those interviewed in the film include Nathan Witt (a government official whom Chambers accused of being at one time the head of the Washington "apparatus" to which he and Hiss belonged), Hiss's three lawyers in the libel and perjury cases, Robert Stripling (the FBI liaison with HUAC), Ralph de Toledano (*Newsweek*'s correspondent on the Hiss Case and a man who has an extraordinary regard for Chambers), the Catletts (Hiss's servants, one of whom found the famous typewriter on which Hiss's wife Priscilla was said to have typed the secret documents that ended up in Chambers' hands), and two people who had served on the juries of the perjury trials. According to the film, among those who refused to be interviewed were Esther Chambers (Whittaker's wife), Richard Nixon, and Henry Julian Wadleigh and Lee Pressman, both self-proclaimed members of the same apparatus to which Hiss and Chambers were affiliated.

The Trials of Alger Hiss is a compelling piece of work. John Lowenstein, who directed it and conducted the interviews, is a first-rate documentarian with an almost inspired knack for cutting just at the point when anything gets dull. The interviews gracefully segue into the appropriate newsreel, the appropriate photograph, the appropriate interview.

And the film builds its case for Hiss's innocence logically and deliberately. The more abstract issues are handled in the film's first half. Was Chambers insane? Doesn't Hiss's work with the Roosevelt administration, his reputation, count for anything? Did Nixon have it in for Hiss because of Hiss's obvious patrician contempt for the young Republican congressman from California?

The film's second half takes a long look at the evidence for Hiss. Did the FBI secrete documents in which Chambers confessed his homosexuality? Did the FBI know that there was a problem with the serial number of the typewriter? Did the FBI ply Hiss's former servant with beer at a county fair, in order to find out if the missing Woodstock typewriter was back in Hiss's possession? And finally, was Hiss the victim of a massive conspiracy involving all of the above, by the FBI and by Thomas F. Murphy, the lawyer for the prosecution in the second perjury trial?

The movie's answer to all of the above questions is: *Yes*. Chambers was crazy, Chambers was a homosexual, Hiss's work for Roosevelt clearly defines him as a New Dealer, Nixon hated Hiss, the FBI knew about the problem with the typewriter, the FBI did ply the servant, and yes, oh yes,

John Podhoretz is a student at the University of Chicago.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Alger Hiss was the victim of a conspiracy.

But the power and appeal of the movie do not lie in its marshaling of evidence. For *The Trials of Alger Hiss* is a movie, and it is subject to the special set of rules which govern a movie. And Hiss—gloriously handsome, elegant, wry, witty, charming—is, of all things, a movie star. He shines on the screen the way Paul Newman shines on the screen. He is now a 73-year-old man who looks 50; he was then a 41-year-old man who looked 30. Were television to make a "docu-drama" of the Hiss-Chambers Affair, there would be no reason to look any further than Hiss himself for the actor to portray him.

As a movie star, Hiss could no more play the villain than Paul Newman could. He is Rhett Butler, he is Rick the Saloon-keeper, he is Cool Hand Luke. And his nemesis, fat, uncomfortable, plodding, inarticulate Whittaker Chambers, is the child murderer in *M*. It is no surprise to read in the *New York Times* that Chambers "reminds us of the Son of Sam." Hiss, with that miraculous glint in his eye, is Hero, while Chambers, with his bad teeth and unpleasantly diffident manner, is Crazed Psycho.

This movie, like all romantic movies, glorifies its hero and makes a devil of its villain. But in this case, the character and spirit of its "villain," who was, after all, a real person, are horribly distorted. For Whittaker Chambers, ungainly and unprepossessing as he was, was a man of great moral strength and almost terrifying courage. The evidence for this is not in the movie but in Chambers' private testimony, his magnificent confessional autobiography, *Witness.** Among other things, *Witness* tells the story, quite simply, of a Communist, and of a Communist's devotion to an ideal which is distinct from, and in opposition to, what Chambers calls the "secular Judeo-Christian tradition":

> Faced with the opportunity of espionage, a Communist, though he may sometimes hesitate momentarily, will always, exactly to the degree he is a Communist, engage in espionage. The act will not appear to him in terms of a betrayal at all. It will, on the contrary, appear to him as a moral act, the more deserving the more it involves him in personal risk, committed in the name of a faith (Communism) on which, he believes, hinges the hope and future of mankind, against a system (capitalism) which he believes to be historically bankrupt. . . . It is part of the failure of the West to understand that it is at grips with an enemy having no moral viewpoint in common with itself, that two irreconcilable viewpoints and standards of judgement, two irreconcilable moralities, proceeding from two irreconcilable readings of man's fate and future are involved, and, hence, their conflict is irrepressible.

Chambers' evidence of Hiss's Communist activities was not merely circumstantial, but circumstantial in such detail that he would have had to have been the most brilliant of all maniacs to have thought it all up, not the dull maniac *The Trials of Alger Hiss* shows us. But it would not matter if Chambers had proved that Hiss's fingerprints were on the strip of microfilm that came to be known as the Pumpkin Papers. Hiss still would have proclaimed his innocence, for his role then, and his role now in his never-ending search for exoneration, was, and is, to discredit the idea that Communist influence existed, and exists today, in this country.

One would scarcely know from watching *The Trials of Alger Hiss* that there was such a country as the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics, much less that it was a country with every good reason to want to subvert the government of the United States. At one point someone derisively mentions the GPU, Stalin's secret police; at another, someone mentions Stalin. That is it. I do not think that "Russia" or the "Soviet Union" is mentioned once throughout the movie. One would not know, merely from watching this film, that there were questions involved in this case—questions, for instance, of national loyalty and of the government's ability to withstand infiltration—which went, and go, beyond personal drama and beyond questions about the behavior of Richard Nixon and the FBI.

In the view of this movie and of almost all devoutly left-wing literature concerning the "witch-hunt" that is said to have victimized Hiss, Communism is merely a Phantom, to use the comic-strip term applied to Communism by Robert Coover in his disgusting novel about the Rosenbergs, *The Public Burning*. There was no such thing as Communism, there was no Communist influence in this country, nobody liked Stalin anyway, and besides, HUAC was doing the same thing Stalin did in the Moscow purges. (For examples of this last, shockingly irresponsible comparison, one need only read Lillian Hellman's *Scoundrel Time* or see Martin Ritt's *The Front.*) Alger Hiss was, and is, by these lights, the victim of a hoax designed merely to provide the leaders of the United States with a scapegoat as they went, and go, about their own nefarious doings.

It is a self-imposed and suicidal blindness to believe in Hiss's innocence, the same blindness that has led this country into its pusillanimous relation to the Soviet Union. This blindness takes the form of a ludicrous optimism in the face of Soviet imperialist behavior, and has its roots in the failure of the American Left to face up to the implications of the Hiss Case. For, as Leslie Fiedler says in his wonderful essay of 1950 on the case,† the understanding that the Soviet Union is as evil as any fascist regime is the difference between childish political innocence and mature political responsibility. The Soviet Union uses the moralistic terminology of the Left; but it is a country's behavior, not its words, that must be the standard by which it is judged. If one believes the words of the Soviet Union, then of course there is no Alger Hiss, no Washington apparatus, but only a fat, crazy homosexual with bad teeth who was denied love. The reduction of this century's greatest crisis to the level of personal vendetta is dangerous and horrifying. And it is corrupting.

The man whom the *Times'* Vincent Canby saw as the Son of Sam's real spiritual father, Whittaker Chambers, wrote 30 years ago:

> So long as it was humanly possible, I shielded Alger Hiss and the others from the consequences of their past acts. In his failure publicly to deny those lies, Alger Hiss is shielding no one but himself. In lending them the force of his silence, he is adding to his offenses, an offense against the human spirit.

It is an offense in which, unwittingly, John Lowenstein joins as well with his *The Trials of Alger Hiss*. □

*Fortunately, *Witness* is back in print, in a paperback edition issued by Regnery/Gateway, Inc. in South Bend, Indiana.

†"Hiss, Chambers, and the Age of Innocence," *Commentary*, December, 1950.

PIN IT TO YOUR RIGHT WING.

Tired of wishy-washy political buttons? Let your feelings about "Rubber-Spine Jimmy" and "Plug 'Em Now Lillian" be known!

Have you noticed that "Mr. Upright" has lost his spine over these last three years? But not so with Mother Lillian—she's got the "right" idea about Khomeini!

Wear these little gems among your liberal friends, anti-war associates or other groups known for their sense of humor!

Send your orders to:
The Jester LTD.
17818 Woodruff #213
Bellflower, CA 90706

☐ Yes! send me "Rubber Jimmy" @ $1.50 each!
☐ Yes! send me "Plug 'Em Now Lillian" @ $1.50 each!

Name_____
Address_____
City_____
State_____ Zip_____

Please allow at least two weeks for delivery

Who Rules America?

Public Nuisances.

R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr., editor of *The American Spectator*, takes an amusing and penetrating view of American leaders, from Gore Vidal to Jimmy Carter, in *Public Nuisances*.

"Tyrrell is the funniest political essayist in years. One-third Mencken, one-third Pegler, one-third Muggeridge, and one hundred percent Tyrrell, he is the perfect holy terror for an age that doesn't add up anyway." —Tom Wolfe

Public Nuisances
by R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr.
$11.95 at bookstores
BASIC BOOKS, INC., N.Y.C. 10022

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FRENCHY'S OF ROSELLE PARK

by Joe Mysak

Witness the poor pilgrims who long to visit a good saloon. Not an impossible quest, this; but they do not want high prices, fake elegance, chic interior decor, radical politics, or Beautiful People. They do not want a boutique bar—nor do they want a tiny corner bar, of the sort regularly appearing on network news shows as the natural habitat of American grassroots. What the pilgrims want is a beer hall of ample size, and this is rare indeed.

Which is why the Thursday Evening Club undertakes to initiate pilgrims such as these to Frenchy's, legendary beer palace of Union County, New Jersey. Union is the most quintessentially New Jersey county in the Garden State, typifying an almost romantic 19th-century Dickensian sprawl. Here we have the East Coast's largest refinery, an automobile assembly plant, a spectacular illegal chemical dump where rocket fuel, nitroglycerine, and God knows what else have been found, a nipple works, minor slums, rolling mills, and oak-shaded Victorian neighborhoods mixed in a fine suburban gumbo.

This would not seem to be the ideal spawning ground for a great saloon; nevertheless, there is the fact. Adversity, a sage once wrote, fuels the fire of artistic genius. Frenchy's is in Roselle Park, on North Avenue, also known in quaint Jersey parlance as Route 28. It is the greatest spot in North America to drink beer—a judgment that must show how admirably suited I am to becoming Rosalynn Carter's speechwriter.

For its ministrations, the Thursday Evening Club charges no fee, but the introduction of non-natives to Frenchy's is by invitation only. The origin of the Club is murky, but under a different aegis, namely the Cranford AC (Athletic Club), it runs a summer Sunday slow-pitch softball team. In its early days, when the members were mostly pink-cheeked delinquents, practice games were held on Thursday nights in back of a nearby high school, and sessions of beer guzzling naturally followed. A typical July Thursday night crowd included, according to one AC, "300 guys, in a dozen different softball uniforms, and maybe five girls. You can even wear your cleats inside." Needless to say, the Club returns again and again to the scene of past revels.

From the outside, Frenchy's resembles a brick bunker. But the interior is fit for a beeriad, and claims no more. The walls are half-paneled in authentic knotty pine, above which runs a continuous mural. This mural is the subject of ceaseless speculation: Some patrons claim it is in the style of John Sloan, or James Glackens, while others believe it to be the work of some WPA artist. It apparently depicts some mythical medieval landscape, replete with castles and forests. The bar takes up half the room and is shaped like a racetrack. There are a half-dozen plain tables, two glass-doored refrigerators for package goods, a jukebox, two televisions, a pool table, an electronic pinball machine, bowling shuffleboard, and two public telephones. The only thing the place lacks is a moosehead.

Over the bar hangs an illuminated, cask-shaped Budweiser ornament, featuring the Clydesdale-drawn beer wagon chased by a dog or two, in miniature. The masterpiece revolves endlessly and many a patron has lost himself in its beauty. Here is a Great American Thing, a brewer's *objet d'art* of the first order. The question is invariably raised: How do they breathe in there? There is never an answer, so the query is ritual. And nothing is funny to the AC's unless it is worth repeating 8,000 times.

The first activity of the AC's is softball. The first and foremost of their Thursday Evening Club's activities is beer drinking. The brew must be cold and cheap, in order to encourage the downing of heroic quantities. For its purposes, the Club favors Pabst Blue Ribbon, with occasional draughts of the monkish yet tasty Cream Ale. A mug of Pabst is 40 cents; a pitcher, three dollars, and the pitchers are of the large glass variety, not the smaller plastic models which seem to be gaining favor in certain quarters. A wide variety of beer in bottles is on ice, including the regional Rolling Rock. Cuisine runs to pizza and the local delicacy, Taylor ham and cheese on a toasted roll. The official bartender to the Club is Danny Sullivan, a young man who has taken to bartending as, in another age, he might have taken to the priesthood. He is a consummate professional in a veritable frontier of amateurs. If asked, he will provide counsel.

Frenchy's, in a stroke, foils all the myths of health nuts, Naderites, and Communists. Beer is beneficial, and absolutely meant to be consumed by the gallon. It puts to flight tension, anxiety, and depression. Not only that: It raises the batting average. The AC's have won three times as many games the days after beer fests than when stone-cold sober.

No history, no relics on display, no priceless photographs on the walls, no archives, no memories of famous folk. Just beer. Mugs of beer, pitchers of beer, kegs of beer, oceans of beer. A good place to say, as Mencken did saluting the end of Prohibition: "Not bad. Fill it again." □

Joe Mysak is an editor for the Access Daily News and Intelligence Service *in New York City.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOK REVIEWS

AMERICA REVISED: HISTORY SCHOOLBOOKS IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY

Frances FitzGerald / Little, Brown & Co. / $9.95

Alan J. Eade

In his admirable *Jefferson,* Albert Jay Nock noted that "there are qualities that outweigh occasional and trivial inaccuracy. . . . [A] book should be judged on the scale of its major qualities." Of course, if its inaccuracies are abundant and egregious, a book stands condemned; nothing can save it, not even a dust-jacket blurb by John Kenneth Galbraith. Just such a fiasco is Frances FitzGerald's *America Revised.* Indeed, its fund of the unsupported and the insupportable will likely remain unsurpassed until Garry Wills publishes a sequel to his *Inventing America.*

Growing up in the fifties, Miss FitzGerald genuflected before the authority and solidity of her American-history textbooks: "They were weighty volumes. They spoke in measured cadences: imperturbable, humorless, and as distant as Chinese emperors." What is more, the texts were ideologically "implacable, seamless. . . . For them the country never changed in any important way: its values and its political institutions remained constant from the time of the American Revolution."

Alas, things were to change. The unity and complacency of the Eisenhower years gave way to the dissension and turmoil of the sixties and seventies; and the school texts, "the lightning rods of American society," have dutifully reflected these changes. "Whereas in the fifties all texts represented the same political view [essentially that of the National Association of Manufacturers], current texts follow no pattern of orthodoxy." Ranging from the moderate left to the moderate right, the texts of the past 20 years have taken account of the howling of increasingly numerous and varied citizens' groups and special interests. Newer groups, representing aggrieved Mexican-Americans, American Indians, Asian-Americans, and so on, joined older organizations, such as the NAACP and B'nai B'rith, in a stampede to set up committees that would scrutinize texts for ethnic or religious bias and flay the guilty publishers. If Texans for America could persuade textbook publishers to delete references to Pete Seeger and Langston Hughes, the NAACP could go one better and get the Detroit Board of Education to drop a text that favorably depicted slavery. Even feminists made inroads: By the mid-seventies, an in-house manual for Holt, Rinehart & Winston included such gems as "Avoid 'the founding fathers,' use 'the founders' "; and Houghton Mifflin was advising its editors against using "the fatherland" and feminine pronouns for boats.

Gone, too, are the days when texts were exclusively narratives; for the pedagogues were not about to snooze while the political lobbyists were whooping it up at school-board meetings and in the corridors of publishing houses. The latest texts "run from the traditional history sermons, through a middle ground of narrative texts with inquiry-style questions and of inquiry texts with long stretches of narrative, to the most rigorous of case-study books." Such a diversity naturally accompanies the wrangling, both within and without the educationist establishment, of those whom Miss FitzGerald calls the neo-progressives, the fundamentalists, and the mandarins.

Yet, the pedagogical battles have not prevented the post-fifties texts from resembling in their dullness most of their predecessors from the thirties on; indeed, over the past half century the texts "have achieved dullness." They have achieved it in part, at least for those texts published since 1960, by aping the abstractions and the impersonality of the social sciences. Their dullness follows in larger part, though, from their silences, especially in intellectual history: "it is not only radical or currently unfashionable ideas that the texts leave out—it is all ideas, including those of their heroes." For example, the texts usually mention Tom Paine's influential *Common Sense* "without ever discussing what it says." And "in all the texts since Muzzey's, Henry Clay, John Calhoun, and Daniel Webster are stick figures deprived of speech." Even the Puritans, who made up "that most ideological of communities," get sugared over: The texts portray them "without ever saying what they believed in."

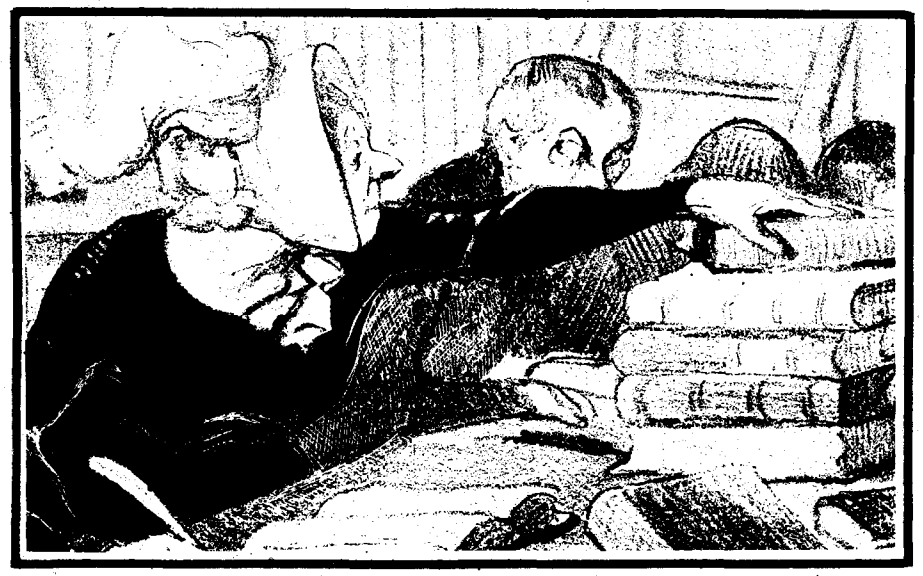
A book so stocked with categorical statements should put the reader on alert. But even the half-asleep reader of *America Revised* should soon despair of the liberties that Miss FitzGerald takes. Her portrait of the texts of the fifties as unfailingly right-wing is absurd and apparently ignores such books as Canfield and Wilder's *Making of Modern America* (1958), which tops off its chapter on the New Deal with these approving words:

> When Roosevelt was elected to the Presidency in 1932, his courage was a tonic to a disheartened people. On the home front he launched a broad program of "relief, recovery, and reform." In the western hemisphere he inaugurated the Good Neighbor policy. When World War II broke out, he led the nation from isolation to an understanding of the issues involved. And when the United States was drawn into the conflict, he became the architect of victory and of plans for future peace.

Readers who wish a discussion of *Common Sense* can start with Wirth's *Development of America* (1944) and Beard's *Making of American Civilization* (1944). Clay, Calhoun, and Webster come to life in many texts, not the least of which is Faulkner and Kepner's *America: Its History and People* (1942). And in Willis and Ruth West's *American People* (1943), students probably learned more than they cared to about the beliefs of the Puritans.

Miss FitzGerald is not content, however, to restrict her blunders to the fifties and to some supposed failings in intellectual history. She writes that "American-history texts gained general currency in the schools only in the eighteen-nineties. Before then, American history was not very widely taught." Thus, she either overlooks or overcomes two of the most often cited studies on 19th-century school history: one that found that at least 100 American-history textbooks were published in 255 editions from 1815 to 1861, and the other that American history was offered in 175 of 235 secondary-school catalogues, chosen from 23 states, issued between 1820 and 1860. (The bibliography in *America Revised* does not list either of these studies; it does include, however, at least one title that, citing the originals, gives these figures.)

Miss FitzGerald, too, can be hard on her heroes. David Saville Muzzey may have been the last of the great stylists; but his "weak point as a historian—his blind spot, in fact—was economic and social history." Especially on the labor movement he draws a blank: In his pioneering *American History* (1911), he makes only "one mention of what he calls 'the laboring class.' " But Muzzey gives more space to labor than Miss



Alan J. Eade lives in Baltimore, Maryland.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FitzGerald implies. Skeptical readers might go past his index entries under "Labor" to wonder at his humane discussions of the Pullman strike (not referred to under "Labor") and of Teddy Roosevelt's "great respect for the men who go down into the mines, or drive the locomotive across the plains of the West."

Muzzey's colleagues of the second and third decades of the century fare no better by Miss FitzGerald. Their texts represented the immigrants as "nothing more than a problem." In fact, until the Depression, "they gave no information about how these people lived, what they did, or where they came from, much less why they came." Readers of, among other texts, Bourne and Benton's *History of the United States* (1913), Hart's *New American History* (1921), and Beard and Bagley's *History of the American People* (1928) should wince at FitzGerald's preposterous slander.

Approaching the "imperturbable" fifties, Miss FitzGerald stops off in the forties to frolic in fantasy. According to the texts of this decade, "imperialism is a European affair: 'we' have a Monroe Doctrine and a Good Neighbor Policy." The first two texts from this period that I looked into give the lie to such nonsense. Carman, Kimmel, and Walker's *Historic Currents in Changing America* (1942) begins its unit "Imperialism and Reform" with these words: "During the two decades before the [First] World War the United States became an imperial power. . . . A policy of imperialism, although always vigorously criticized, was maintained without much modification for about three decades." And Wirth's *Development of America* begins its chapter "An Imperialistic Foreign Policy" this way: "A series of developments during the last half of the nineteenth century . . . brought the rise of imperialism as the dominant factor in our foreign policy. America began to turn her attention overseas in search of political and economic advantages."

America Revised lists badly not only from its load of errors and of distortions but also from its cargo of contradictions and of fatuities. Of these latter two, I have space for only a few examples. The current textbooks that "have achieved dullness" are also "polymorphous-perverse. American history is not dull any longer; it is a sensuous experience." The same books that "follow no pattern of orthodoxy," that in their diversity span a good part of the political spectrum, "differ from one another not much more than one year's crop of Detroit sedans." According to the texts of the forties, the right to vote is "the foundation stone of democracy": "They [say] that in spite of the fact that this right exists in the Soviet Union and provides no real impediment to the rule of the Communist Party bureaucrats." Because the same texts have titles such as *The Story of America* and *The Story of Our Republic*, they imply that students "must identify with everything that has ever happened in American history." I save the best till last; this is Miss FitzGerald ridiculing a report published by the National Council for the Social Studies:

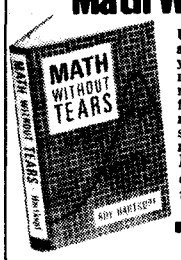
> [The report] makes the utterly dogmatic assertion that "the egalitarian aim of abolishing social classes appears to be unrealistic. . . . The American pattern of social classification with a considerable social mobility offers the best discernible way of sharing power in the interest of justice."

Reviewing *America Revised* in the *New York Review of Books,* C. Vann Woodward congratulated Miss FitzGerald for plowing through the textbooks—"hundreds of them, . . . that endless shelf of textbooks." It turns out, however, that Miss FitzGerald's bibliography lists only about 150 texts (counting all editions); and I cannot convince myself that she has read them all. What she has read she has used, in Professor Woodward's words though not in his sense, "with telling effect." In any event, even 150 falls far short of what Miss FitzGerald would have needed to support her staggering generalizations.

Of course, none of this precludes *America Revised* from being considered for various national or international awards. But given how rambling and disjointed it is and that it lacks both a table of contents and index, the book may find itself in a strange category, competing with the flowers of "creative writing." □

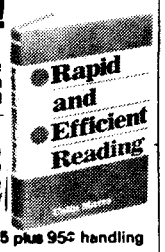
SAVE YOUR GAS! BEAT INFLATION!
Roam the world by freighter at savings of at least 50% . . . Deluxe accommodations
TravLtips
Dept. F105 163-09 Depot,
Flushing, NY 11358

Math Without Tears



Using non-technical language and a light touch Roy Hartkopf gives you a basic understanding of many everyday applications of mathematics. He takes the reader from simple counting to trigonometry and calculus, emphasizing the practical aspects of math. Humorously written. *Learn math in the comfort of your own home at minimum cost.*
$8.95 plus 95c handling

Triple your Reading Speed—Now!



Here is a solid, fact-packed, clear, concise basic guide to high-speed reading; by a noted reading specialist who has helped thousands to read *much, much* faster—yet understand better, remember more!
Mares tells you which reading habits to *eliminate*, which to *cultivate* and *how to do both*. The benefits of this book begin the very first hour—they will last *all the rest of your life*. $7.95
$7.95 plus 95¢ handling

How to Argue and Win!

Here is a clear simply written basic guide to logical thinking, showing how to spot the fallacies, the prejudices and emotionalism, the inappropriate analogies, etc., in the other fellow's argument and how to watch for and avoid the irrational in your own judgments. The author makes plain not only *how* but also *why* people resist facing the truth.
A tool for *clear thinking* as well as *convincing others*. $7.95 plus 95¢ handling
THE ART OF ARGUMENT. By Giles St. Aubyn

No handling charge on 3 books or more!
Dept. 903-E Buchanan, NY 10511
EMERSON BOOKS, INC.
10-Day Money-Back Guarantee

ESCAPE FROM SCEPTICISM:
Liberal Education as if Truth Mattered
CHRISTOPHER DERRICK

"I found *Escape from Scepticism* a perceptive, witty and engaging account of the present troubled condition of liberal education. Derrick's book offers a disturbing indictment of today's colleges and universities, the fancied dwelling-places of wisdom, for their failure to provide young people with any reasoned defense against the prevalent scepticism of the age or any encouragement to stand against it."
—**Nathan M. Pusey, President Emeritus, Harvard University**

"*Escape from Scepticism* has my vote for Book of the Year!"
—**Ron Kennedy**, in the New Zealand *Tablet*

"It may seem absurdly pretentious to compare this book with Newman's *Idea of a University*, but the comparison is apt . . . . Derrick has wit and a brilliant aphoristic style. Every sentence is packed with thought. His little book could well serve as a manual . . . for the reform of Catholic higher education today."
—**Paul H. Hallett** in the *National Catholic Register*

"This is a short book. But it is brilliant and easy to read. If you know any parents of high school or college students, recommend this book to them. If you are such a parent, read it prayerfully. And act upon it."
—**Charles E. Rice** in *Faith and Reason*

". . . the author demonstrates a remarkable capacity to present his strongly held views in the most uncompromising fashion, while sparing his reader the tone of arrogance or pontification. The book is simply brilliantly written, in an easy style, reminiscent of that of his famous Oxford tutor [C. S. Lewis]."
—**Robert Emmet Moffit** in *New Guard*

"The occasion for *Escape from Scepticism* was a visit to Thomas Aquinas College. The school is significant because it was the first tangible indication of a Catholic educational reformation. It was followed in close succession by Magdalen, Newman, and Christendom Colleges, all dedicated to a fully Catholic education. "It works," says Derrick of the kind of education offered by these schools, and so does his book: It works, and it makes sense."
—**Karl Keating** in *The University Bookman*

□ *$2.95 prepaid* □

★

JOY WITHOUT A CAUSE:
Selected Essays of Christopher Derrick

1940 and the 'Ballad of the White Horse'; A World of Profit and Delight; The Rules of the Game; Pavane for a Dead Liturgy; In Defence of Stagnation; In Defence of Triumphalism; Population or People? It's All Done by Mirrors; Quare Fremuerunt Gentes? Do People Matter? The Pageant of Our Redemption; Something Beautiful for God; Liberation and the Gospel; To Feed the Hungry; Assumption Day in Catholic Poland; The Facts of Life; Liturgy and the Consumer; The Word 'Catholic'; Resurrection, Ecumenism, and Witness; The Scandal of Particularity; Confitebor Tibi in Guitarra? A Solid Chunk of Wood; Why Bother About Religion?

"Mr. Derrick is a bold man who writes charmingly."
—**Russell Kirk** in *National Review*

□ *254 pages: $4.95 prepaid* □

★

CITIZEN OF ROME:
Reflections from the Life of a Roman Catholic
FREDERICK D. WILHELMSEN

Reacting: *Hungary Speaks; Is There a Theology of Survival? Technics and Totalitarianism; Babylonian Meditation; Catholicism Is Right—So Why Change It? In Defense of Sin; Schism, Heresy, and a New Guard.* **Reflecting:** *History, Toynbee, and the Modern Mind: Betrayal of the West; Art and Religion: Felicitous Tension or Conflict? The Conservative Vision; Death of the Age of Analysis; Hallowed Be Thy World; The Good Earth; Pope as Icon, The Typology of Heresy; The Hour Is Late: The Hour Is Now; Incarnational Politics.* **Remembering:** *Captain Guillermo Wriedt, Spanish Baroque; The Man Who Went to His Own Funeral; As You Were; Three Days with Mindszenty; Adios: Francisco Franco; Portrait of an Outlaw: Hero; A Parting of Friends.* **Reporting:** *The Vision of Christopher Dawson; Charlie and Legitimacy; St. Thomas Aquinas; A E I O U.* **Rejecting:** *Harvey Cox's Secular City: City of Night; Leslie Dewart: Hellene or Heretic?* **Redeeming:** *Why I Am a Catholic; The Sovereignty of Christ or Chaos; Christmas in Christendom.* **Rejoicing:** *The Miracle of Wine.*

□ *352 pages: $5.95 prepaid* □

A BETTER GUIDE THAN REASON:
Studies in the American Revolution
M. E. BRADFORD
with an Introduction by **Jeffrey Hart**

"The publication of Professor Bradford's essays in a single volume represents something of a milestone in contemporary conservative thought."
—**Samuel T. Francis** in *The University Bookman*

"Bradford's angle of vision is unique and so challenging that it will doubtless stir controversy even among conservatives . . . But whatever the reader's conclusions . . . he can hardly fail to be impressed by this subtly crafted and trenchantly argued volume."
—**M. Stanton Evans** in *National Review*

"M.E. Bradford has produced an excellent book on the meaning of the American political tradition. . . . an invaluable antidote to the modern descent into secularism and statism."
—**John P. East** in *New Oxford Review*

". . . Bradford brings to bear a unique combination of skills and perspectives, principally those of the political theorist, literary critic, textual analyst, and historian. What emerges are provocative and challenging propositions."
—**George W. Carey** in *National Review*

"Bradford is surely a consummate stylist; the prose within this beautifully produced book fairly sparkles; is graceful, yet muscular. The scholarship . . . is impeccable."
—**D.R. Bustion** in *The Dallas Morning News*

□ *cloth: $12.95; paper: $4.95 prepaid* □

★

BEYOND DETENTE:
Toward an American Foreign Policy
PAUL EIDELBERG

". . . far and away the best, and most constructive, critique of Détente I have read . . . ."
—**The Hon. Clare Boothe Luce**

"In dissecting with surgical precision the nature of our current foreign policy and the reasons for its development, Dr. Eidelberg spells out with frightening clarity just how dangerously bad it really is, and how essential it is that it be changed before it is too late. . . . Cautionary note: One does not curl up with this book; one wrestles with it. It makes great demands on the reader—but it repays him many times over. In this reviewer's opinion, it is a virtuoso performance."
—**Vice Admiral Ruthven E. Libby, USN (Ret.)** in *Strategic Review*, United States Strategic Institute

□ *cloth: $12.95 prepaid* □

★

DYNAMICS OF WORLD HISTORY
by
CHRISTOPHER DAWSON
Edited by John J. Mulloy

"Christopher Dawson is perhaps the most thoughtful, stimulating, and suggestive historian of the Catholic faith who in this century has devoted himself to the general history of civilization. He is more down to earth and convincing than Spengler or Toynbee. . . . This is a book which no thoughtful historian can safely ignore, and it is as timely as it is illuminating."
—**Harry Elmer Barnes** in *The American Historical Review*

"It is difficult to think of any . . . writer who has made so laborious and scrupulous an attempt as Dawson to understand the widest variety of social phenomena without denaturing them in terms of something other than they are. His extraordinary range of learning is seen in two essays here on St. Augustine and Gibbon, which in their percipience and richness of reference are, I think, the best studies of their subjects in English." —**Martin Wight** in *The Observer* (London)

□ *509 pages: $7.95 prepaid* □

★

Forthcoming: *(summer & fall of 1980):*

Poets and the Prophetic Poet: Why Flannery O'Connor Stayed Home.
Vol. 1 of a trilogy by **Marion Montgomery**
The Impatience of Job by **George William Rutler**
The Generations of the Faithful Heart: On the Literature of the South by **M.E. Bradford**
C.S. Lewis and the Church of Rome by **Christopher Derrick**

Sherwood Sugden & Company
1117 E. Eighth Street, La Salle, Illinois 61301

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ON A CLEAR DAY YOU CAN SEE GENERAL MOTORS

J. Patrick Wright / Wright Enterprises / $12.95

Brock Yates

You of course recall Detroit. It is a large, dingy city in southern Michigan noted for the manufacturing of automobiles, epic race riots, and a long list of cultural titans headed by Diana Ross and the Supremes. Within the perimeters of its monochromatic, working-class neighborhoods and sprawling assembly plants lie the headquarters of the General Motors Corporation, which qualifies, by any number of financial measurements, as the largest private industrial concern in the world. The building itself is a 1920sexpression of the bold and the baroque: a stony leviathan jutting above the flat landscape in a proper Midwestern expression of restrained pomposity. In the automobile business, the 14th floor of the GM building is synonymous with raw power. Here sit, in presumed splendor, the clear-eyed, Machiavellian tycoons who pull the levers that control the largest, most complex, most socially influential concentration of free enterprise known to man. The goings-on within these hushed corridors and paneled suites are a source of fascination for outsiders. How far do the tentacles of this mega-corp extend? What manner of latter-day Morgan and Gould are the Chairman, the President, and their proconsul elite of Group Vice Presidents? How unfold the intrigues, the diabolical internecine warfare, the cabals and alliances necessary to ascent to the supreme position, that of Chairman of the Board?

For years, such questions have gnawed at GM-watchers, who imagine that behind the gray stone walls rage massive battles for power befitting the Kremlin or the Vatican. But not so, says a one-time insider named John Zachary DeLorean. Rather, the 14th floor of the General Motors Building is populated by dullards and poltroons whose lives are propelled only by urges to shuffle trivia-laden volumes of paper and to preserve the orderly, moss-laden bureaucracy which brought them to power. According to DeLorean, GM's majordomos sometimes sleep during long briefing sessions, indelicately snoring at key moments while others yawn. They are secretive and paranoid about government intervention and maintain an elephant-like fear of the ravages of the consumerist mice. They like short haircuts, white shirts, and dull suits. They mumble about "team play" a great deal. To a man they seem to have a boredom threshold that would shame a musk ox.

DeLorean's opinions are recorded in a rather confusingly authored book titled *On a Clear Day You Can See General Motors,* by business journalist J. Patrick Wright. DeLorean declined to have the book printed under his by-line for fear that it might impede his efforts to manufacture an automobile under his own name. After some wrangling, Wright decided to go ahead with the project without DeLorean's imprimatur. To his credit, Wright mortgaged everything to publish the book himself and turned it into a solid best-seller.

For many years, John Z. DeLorean was the *Wunderkind* of GM, a man who appeared (thanks, in part, to his own carefully managed image-building) to be equal parts Leonardo da Vinci, Albert Schweitzer, Henry Ford, and Cary Grant, at least to the automoguls who bed down in the posh, but parochial, Detroit suburb of Bloomfield Hills. DeLorean was part of the winning team that boosted the Pontiac Division of GM from a manufacturer of fusty, maiden-aunt's vehicles to the racy glories of "Wide Tracks" and "Tigers." He then took over as general manager of the flagship division, Chevrolet, which was in a sales doldrum and entangled in serious organizational rats' nests. Within a few years he had the business booming again and seemed as surely destined for leadership in GM as Edward, Prince of Wales, was destined for the English throne.

Alas, both worthies were waylayed on their ways to glory. Childe Edward was downed by Cupid's arrow and the lusts of Mrs. Simpson. DeLorean, or so he claims, was cut off at the knees by a consortium of yahoo Rotarians who feared that his managerial brilliance, coupled with his glittering social conscience, might

(*continued on page 39*)

Brock Yates is the editor and publisher of the Cannonball Express, *a journal of automotive news and opinion.*

The future's not what it used to be.

Something's going on. The world is in ferment. It's a new moment in American life, characterized by a welcome dose of realism. The pendulum of ideas is swinging again. That's the view of BEN WATTENBERG'S 1980, a new 10 part series on PBS. Every week, your guide through these new ideas is Ben Wattenberg, a man of many parts: part statistician, part politician, author and activist, participant and pontificator, student of America with a star spangled sense of humor.

Premiere Show

POWER SHIFT: The Soviet Arms Build Up

The Soviet Union is embarked on the greatest peacetime military build-up in all history. What does it mean to us? Their ships used to make up a coastal defense force. But now they have a "blue water navy," and a good one. See what they're up to from the decks of our own U.S.S. Forrestal.

Beginning Sunday, May 18 on most PBS stations

Check your local listings for date and time.

Ben Wattenberg's 1980

Produced for PBS by WETA Washington, D.C. with grants from The Dow Chemical Company, Conoco Inc. and The LTV Corporation.

Would You Like to Write for 4,000,000 Readers Across America?

A Call for Eassays From
Public Research, Syndicated

Public Research, Syndicated (P.R.S.) is a newspaper syndication service for America's "community" newspapers (circulations under 100,000). Each week more than 500 of these papers receive from P.R.S. an article written by a scholar or expert in the field of politics, economics, history, law, military affairs, or literature. Some of these articles deal with current issues and policies; others with historical, philosophical or literary topics which have a bearing on the fundamental ideas underlying current public policies and public opinion generally. The overarching purpose of P.R.S. articles is to illuminate and to defend the principles of free government, which too often are obscured or discredited in contemporary journalism.

P.R.S. has already distributed to its affiliated newspapers articles by scholars and professionals such as Eugene Rostow, Harry V. Jaffa, Forrest McDonald, Martin Gilbert, P.T. Bauer, Hon. Daniel P. Moynihan, Hon. Thomas Hagedorn, Carnes Lord, G.B. Tennyson, Hon. Calvin Coolidge, Harold Rood, L.H. Gann, Samuel T. Francis, Duncan Clark, Ernest Lefever, Peter Duignan, Joseph Horton, Donald Kirchhoff, Werner Dannhauser, Vladislov Krasnov, Robert Wesson and Elmo Zumwalt. We encourage you to join them in writing for our syndication service.

Articles should be between 800-1200 words and should avoid professional jargon. We pay an honorarium for each article accepted. Please submit manuscripts to Mr. Christopher Flannery, Editor, P.R.S., 225 Yale Avenue, Suite E, Claremont, CA 91711.

P.R.S. is a publicly supported, non-profit corporation under Section 501(c)3 of the Internal Revenue Code. For a free copy of our 1979 annual report please write to Mr. Stephen Cambone, Vice-President, P.R.S., 225 Yale Avenue, Suite E, Claremont, CA 91711.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

VOTER BEWARE!

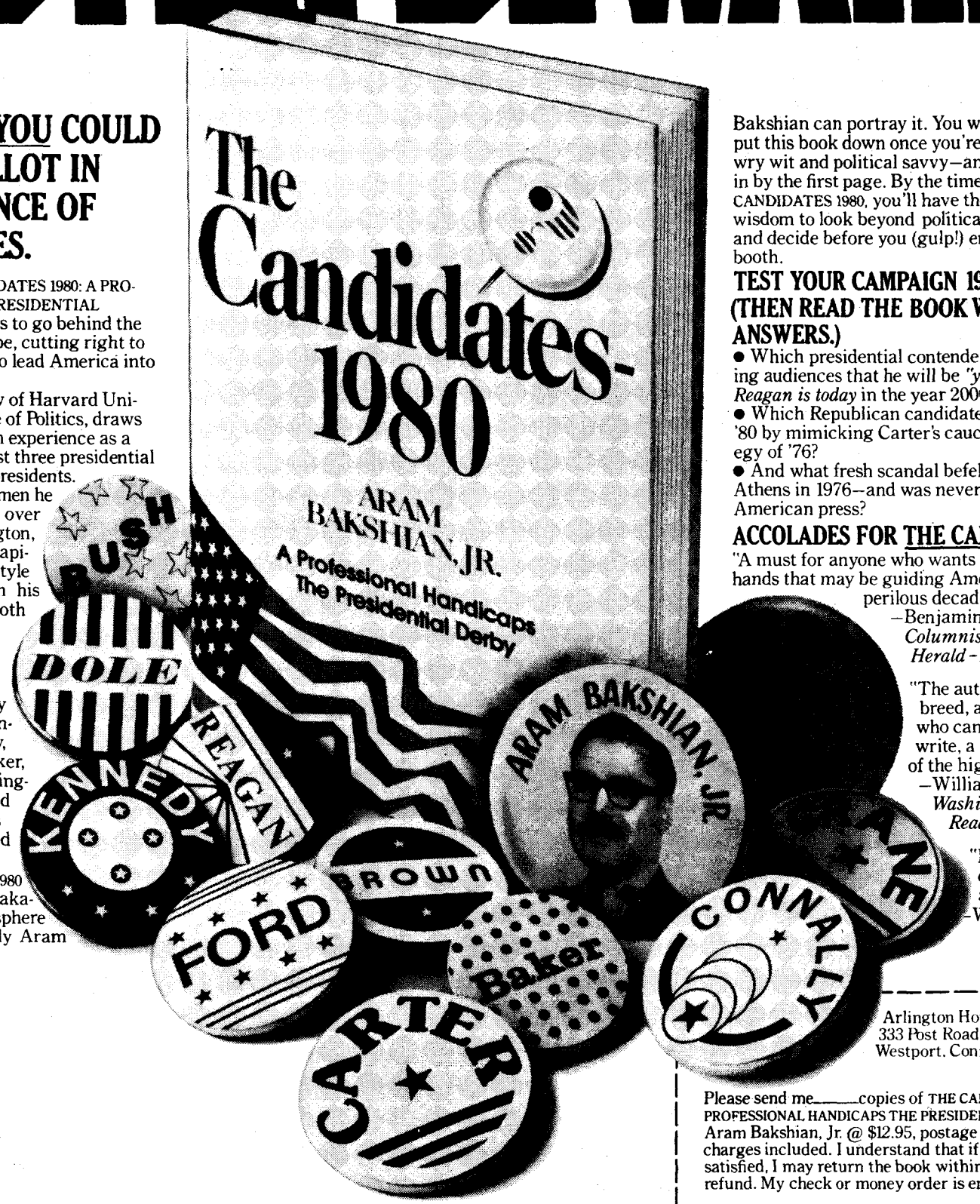
IN NOVEMBER, YOU COULD CAST YOUR BALLOT IN TOTAL IGNORANCE OF THE REAL ISSUES.

Get smart. Get THE CANDIDATES 1980: A PROFESSIONAL HANDICAPS THE PRESIDENTIAL DERBY, the book with the guts to go behind the flash and dazzle of media hype, cutting right to the hearts of the men vying to lead America into the 80s.

Aram Bakshian, Jr., Fellow of Harvard University's prestigious Institute of Politics, draws his uncanny predictions from experience as a professional insider in the last three presidential races and as an aide to two presidents. THE CANDIDATES 1980 are all men he has known or worked with over the past 14 years in Washington, at the White House and on Capitol Hill. Bakshian's lucid style and biting humor have won his articles a wide following in both American and overseas publications.

All declared contenders get the "Bakshian treatment:" Jimmy Carter, Teddy Kennedy, Jerry Brown, Ronald Reagan, John Connally, George Bush, Howard Baker, and assorted longshots. Waiting-in-the-wings candidates and a whole raft of Veepstakes hopefuls get their assets and liabilities tallied up, too.

To read THE CANDIDATES 1980 is to be treated to the unmistakably American carnival atmosphere of the campaign trail as only Aram Bakshian can portray it. You won't be able to put this book down once you're taken in by his wry wit and political savvy—and you'll be taken in by the first page. By the time you finish THE CANDIDATES 1980, you'll have the accumulated wisdom to look beyond political double-talk and decide before you (gulp!) enter the voting booth.



TEST YOUR CAMPAIGN 1980 KNOW-HOW! (THEN READ THE BOOK WITH THE ANSWERS.)

- Which presidential contender is fond of reminding audiences that he will be *"younger than Ronald Reagan is today* in the year 2000?"
- Which Republican candidate is sure he'll win in '80 by mimicking Carter's caucus/primary strategy of '76?
- And what fresh scandal befell Teddy Kennedy in Athens in 1976—and was never reported by the American press?

ACCOLADES FOR THE CANDIDATES 1980:

"A must for anyone who wants to know about the hands that may be guiding America into its most perilous decade."
—Benjamin Stein,
Columnist, Los Angeles Herald-Examiner

"The author is that rare breed, a political insider who can both report and write, a literary stylist of the highest order."
—William Schultz,
Washington Editor, Reader's Digest

"Bakshian is at once erudite and fluent: a joy to read."
—William F. Buckley, Jr.

184

Arlington House/Publishers
333 Post Road West
Westport, Connecticut 06880

Please send me_____copies of THE CANDIDATES 1980: A PROFESSIONAL HANDICAPS THE PRESIDENTIAL DERBY by Aram Bakshian, Jr. @ $12.95, postage and handling charges included. I understand that if I am not entirely satisfied, I may return the book within 10 days for a full refund. My check or money order is enclosed.

NAME_____
(please print or type)

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ STATE_____ ZIP_____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FORTUNE'S CHILD

Lewis Lapham / Doubleday / $14.95

Mitchell S. Ross

The front of the jacket to this book refers to *Fortune's Child* as "a portrait of the United States as spendthrift heir." This describes the book's point of view pretty well, and it is not hard to see how Lewis Lapham arrived at it. He was grandly educated at Hotchkiss and Yale, even tasting the scholarly desserts served at Cambridge University in England. His family is apparently wealthy: Lapham's views on the oil market first took form at meetings of the clan. An arrested development led to newspaper work instead of employment by the CIA, favored by so many of his Yale contemporaries. It was a fateful choice. For two decades Lapham labored in comparative obscurity as a reporter for the *San Francisco Examiner,* the *New York Herald Tribune,* the *Saturday Evening Post, Life,* and *Harper's.*

Then, in the mid-1970s, he ascended to the editor's position at *Harper's,* and shortly thereafter it became disconcertingly clear that the modest reporter had all along been operating a one-man spy service. Around the same time Philip Agee started spilling the beans on his fellow operatives, Lapham began to write *Harper's'* Easy Chair column with a similar—and, let us add, more sensible—purpose. He is now the nation's foremost policeman of the privileged. Whenever Lapham's byline appears, his old schoolmates run for cover.

Class consciousness like Lapham's is an uncommon thing these days, and *Fortune's Child,* which for the most part is a collection of "Easy Chairs," is an odd specimen of it. On the one hand, Lapham is imprisoned by none of the traditional ideologies; on the other, he is without striking prejudices of his own. Prejudice is, after all, the chief tool of the personal essayist. It can come packaged in virtually any form. Lapham's predecessor in the Easy Chair, Bernard DeVoto, for example, made himself familiar through his indignant conservationism. Others begin with a confession of personal frailties, a recital of enthusiasms, or a grunt at specific objects of scorn. Lapham's essays, in contrast, have more of the odor of Sunday sermons about them. They are diffusely opinionated. They embody some of the same qualities I have always disliked in Ralph Waldo Emerson.

There are times when I wonder about him. Is he leveling with us when he writes, "I left California because I didn't have the moral fortitude to contend with the polymorphousness of the place. . . .I needed the company of other men who had roused themselves from sleep and who had set forth on the adventure of civilization"? Was it really like that: young Lapham gazing sadly out over Nob Hill, with a cry of "Eastward, Ho!" rising out of the depths of his soul? And, if so, does this not qualify him as one of the "American bedouins" he characterizes in another essay as wandering "in search of the soul's oasis"? "The holy city of absolute truth shines in the eternal sunlight beyond the next range of abstractions. In New York or Los Angeles, as well as in Houston or Cheyenne, men exchange travelers' tales about their journeys into Freud or Zen. They confuse metaphysics with geography, and they speak of their newfound philosophies as if they were places on the map." Is there not a connection to be made here, one which would involve more personal writing but ultimately contribute to a deeper resonance?

In brief, Lapham seems rather unsure of his own sensibility. Some of his pronouncements are very odd, such as this one: "The greatness of man expresses itself in the force of mind, in Bach's music or Shakespeare's plays, in the art of da Vinci, the physics of Newton, or the theories of Marx." The theories of Marx? How did they get in there? Great because successful? Lapham formulates theories where idle observations will do. Because there are so many bad parents on the East Side of Manhattan, where he lives, it occurs to him that "American society bears a grudge against the future. . . . By denying the reality of its children, the society expresses its rage against change." This is bosh.

I am in danger of quibbling too much, however. Lapham is reliably learned and eloquent, and he strikes many a telling blow. He is also, it so happens, a fine reporter. There is an astringent excellence to his journal of a failed Broadway musical and to his account of a visit to an Indian ashram favored by the Beatles and Mia Farrow in the late sixties. There is sound reporting on the Army and the "energy debacle." And, even when he gets carried away with the themes and variations he plays on his typewriter, Lapham is bound to make several penetrating points.

Mitchell S. Ross is the author of The Literary Politicians. *His most recent book is* An Invitation to Our Times, *published by Doubleday.*

Congressman Robert Dornan [R., Calif.] is one of the participants in the Politics Program at Christendom. Solidly trained, he bases his political activity squarely on the natural law.

Do you want to see the unborn protected by law?

THE POLITICS PROGRAM

CHRISTENDOM COLLEGE

Christendom College is a Four-year, co-ed, solidly Catholic liberal arts college located in Northern Virginia, with a 74-acre campus on the Shenandoah River.

Call or Write
Christendom College
Route 3, Box 87
Front Royal, Va 22630
703-636-2908

- Internships with P.A.C.'s provide first-hand political experience in Washington
- On-campus Practica with nationally known political leaders
- Classical and Catholic courses in Political Theory
- Five half-tuition Grants for junior transfers
- A Major Program, leading to the B.A.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

He is best when true to his original role as a spy in rich man's land. The most seriously provocative of his notions here is that an American courtly society, fundamentally hostile to the tenets of democracy, has begun to entrench itself. He is genuinely sensitive to the various corruptions of freedom practiced by free men. No doubt I ask too much of him, but as a general rule I'd like to see less of the sage and more of the rascal in Lapham, less homage to Hotchkiss, Yale, and Cambridge, and more attention to the ratty little secrets of the streets and the staterooms which he seems capable of understanding. □

PURITAN BOSTON AND QUAKER PHILADELPHIA: TWO PROTESTANT ETHICS AND THE SPIRIT OF CLASS AUTHORITY AND LEADERSHIP
E. Digby Baltzell / The Free Press / $19.95

Robert Nisbet

It is safe to say that no other living social scientist or historian is as qualified to write this important and fascinating book as E. Digby Baltzell. In addition to the sociological and historical skills he brings to his work—skills developed in the researching and writing of two earlier studies of American upper classes and elites, *Philadelphia Gentleman* and *The Protestant Establishment*—he brings also the kind of knowledge of subject that is the result exclusively of *belonging* to what he writes about. That is, Baltzell took care to be born a Proper Philadelphian, thoroughly at home from the beginning in Philadelphia's upper crust and able to make his way naturally to Boston's, needing thereafter only the acquisition of the tools and strategies of professional sociological research. In *Philadelphia Gentleman,* Baltzell demonstrated an enviable capacity to write with objectivity about Proper Philadelphians, which must have been mildly upsetting, to say the least, to some of those who found themselves case studies and statistics in his book. The result, though, was the best book yet written on the American upper class.

From the beginning, Baltzell has had his eye on what many would regard as the central problem today in America, indeed, in the entire Western world: the problem of authority in a social order that has been wracked and tormented by the forces of modernity, however benign many of these may be intrinsically to the ends of freedom and democracy. In *The Protestant Establishment* he showed how the old WASP aristocracy in this country came into existence, how it prospered and left its mark on American society, and how and why it fell into decay. His answer to the last was, like Tocqueville's on the Old Regime in France, the loss of authority. As long as WASP norms and values contained the greater part of American literary and scientific creativity, of political leadership, and of social and economic enterprise, WASP ascendancy worked to the lasting benefit of American civilization. But when new ethnic and religious elements entered the mainstream of American history, offering fresh creativity and enterprise, and when the Protestant Establishment refused, through all the means establishments have, to allow any of these new, fresh movers and shakers into its ranks, its day became twilight.

The splendid thing about Baltzell's work is that it has never been rooted in the false idols of egalitarianism. Today, even in the innermost precincts of sociology and political science it has become acceptable—well, almost acceptable—to question the virtues of all-out egalitarianism and to say a good word occasionally about social class and elites. But it was anything but acceptable when Baltzell's writing began in the 1950s. He made it evident from the beginning that while the old upper class had lost or squandered its rights of authority in America, *some* system of upper class authority was indispensable to a free and creative society. In *The Protestant Establishment* he wrote:

Following Tocqueville's classic analysis of the decline of authority in France, I

Robert Nisbet is Albert Schweitzer Professor Emeritus at Columbia University and Resident Scholar at the American Enterprise Institute.

Who reads The American Spectator?

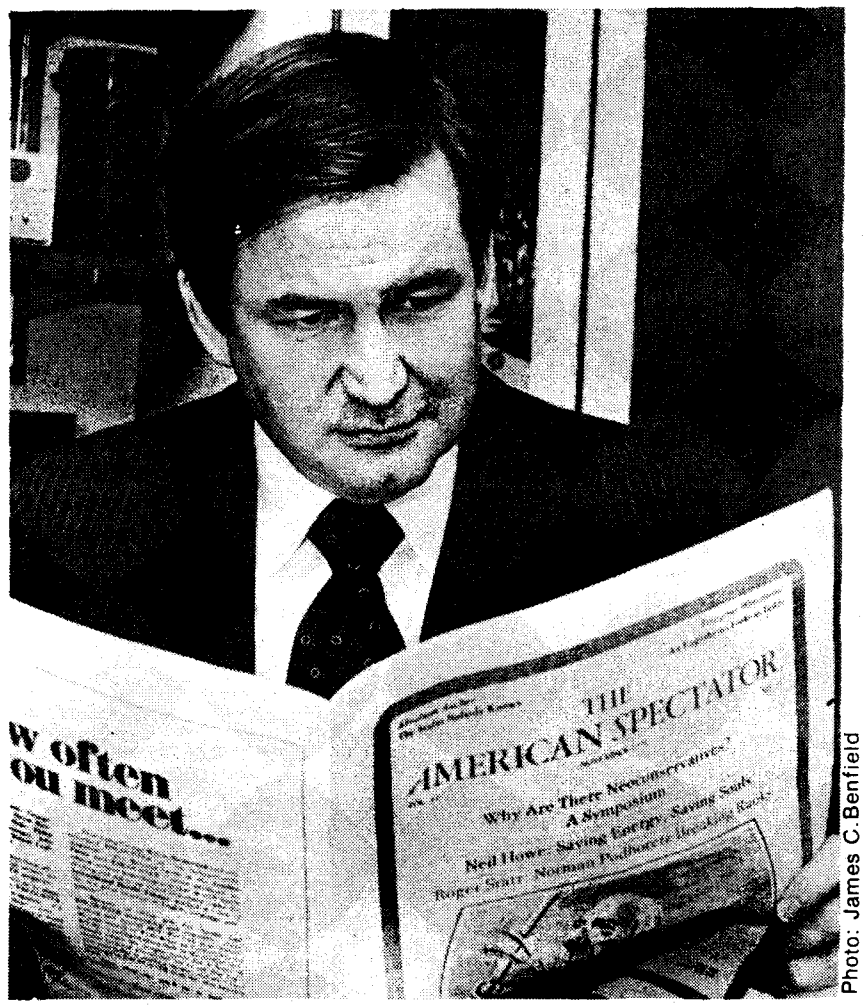


Photo: James C. Benfield

Patrick Buchanan.

ALSO: Paul McCracken, Brock Yates, Albert Shanker, Ray Price, James Wechsler, John Roche, Lewis Lapham, Norman Podhoretz, Jack Kemp, John Chamberlain, Edith Efron, Henry Salvatori, David Meiselman, Martin Peretz, Jeff MacNelly, John Lukacs, William Rusher, Antonio Martino, Malcolm Muggeridge, Doris Grumbach, Colin Welch, Robert Bleiberg, James Jackson Kilpatrick, Jude Wanniski, Gen. A.C. Wedemeyer, James L. Buckley, Ben Wattenberg, Neal Kozodoy, Alan Reynolds, Walter Goodman, Harry Jaffa, William Safire, Charles Peters, Jeffrey Hart, Irving Kristol, David Packard, Henry Fairlie, Jean-François Revel, Richard M. Nixon, Robert Nisbet, Leonard Garment, Norman Mailer, Frank Shakespeare, Malcolm S. Forbes, Jr., Melvin Lasky, Ronald Reagan, Anne Armstrong, James R. Schlesinger, Richard Whalen, Dana Andrews, Midge Decter, William E. Simon, Ernest van den Haag, James Q. Wilson, Lewis Lehrman, Woody Allen, Nathan Glazer, William F. Buckley, Jr., Thomas Murphy, William Proxmire, Suzanne Weaver, Maj. Gen. George S. Patton III, Elliott Abrams, The Cranford AC Softball team, Patrick Cosgrave, John Lofton, Larry Flynt, M. Stanton Evans, Huntington Cairns, Herb Stein, William Baroody, Tom Wolfe, William Randolph Hearst. Jr., Michael Kinsley, Tom Winter, Gerald R. Ford, Henry Regnery, Roger Rosenblatt, Richard Lugar, Anthony Harrigan, Robert L. Bartley, S.I. Hayakawa, Luigi Barzini, Nelson Polsby, Joseph Coors, Peregrine Worsthorne, Tom Charles Huston, Gertrude Himmelfarb, Clare Boothe Luce, Clay La Force, Roger Milliken, Edward Banfield, Victor Lasky, Raymond Aron, Roy Cohn, Joseph Hazan, Eugene V. Rostow, Michael Novak, Thomas Sowell, Gen. Alexander Haig, Randolph Richardson, George Will, Sidney Hook, Richard Perle, James Hitchcock, Philip Crane, Schmuel Moyal, Hugh Kenner, Eric Hoffer, Tom Stoppard, Charlton Heston, Jim Fallows, Alan Abelson, Daniel Patrick Moynihan, and many others.

THE AMERICAN SPECTATOR, P.O. Box 1969, Bloomington, Indiana 47402

Please enter a
☐ new
☐ renewal subscription to *The American Spectator* for one year (12 issues) for only $12.

☐ Payment enclosed
☐ Bill me later

PLEASE PRINT
Name
Address
City State Zip
X91

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

have tried to show that an authoritative leadership structure will evolve in this country only when and if a new and representative upper class and establishment are created, whose members will then be able to *discriminate* on the basis of the distinguished accomplishments of individuals rather than *classifying* men categorically on the basis of their ethnic or racial origins.

This fundamental philosophy underlies *Puritan Boston and Quaker Philadelphia,* which was born to a considerable degree of its author's troubled reflections on the "antinomianism" that was breaking out all over the academic and intellectual scene in the late 1960s, trashing ages-old intellectual values and standards, and wiping out the best as well as the worst of academic leaders. Whatever else this antinomianism was, the flouting of authority was its essence. It occurred to Baltzell that at bottom the student who called the president of an ancient university a "motherf----r" to his face, and with the apparent approval of the student's parents and others present, was behaving no differently than William Penn had when he kept his hat on in the presence of Charles II. No social or economic objectives were present in either incident, merely the desire to destroy rank, convention, propriety—all forms of authority.

The comparison of the Quaker ethic with the Puritan ethic of Boston first became vivid to Baltzell when, on a visit to Bowdoin College, he was confronted by life-size portraits of Hawthorne, Longfellow, and Franklin Pierce. All three men were friends and members of the class of 1825. No three individuals of comparable stature, I thought as I looked at the fine portraits, had ever graduated from the college at my own university or from any other college in the state of Pennsylvania. Why? I asked myself then as I have done many times since.

From such reflections more than ten years ago this study began to take form, to be built on a contrast that, although perceptible to Baltzell from boyhood on, had come all of a sudden to seem of crucial importance to any understanding of American character: the contrast between the American values and incentives derived from Puritan Boston and those derived from Quaker Philadelphia. I mean to take nothing away from Baltzell in his pride of genealogical and political ancestry or in his firmly stated hope for the future of his native heath when I say that, by the author's lights, Boston wins overwhelmingly in the comparison between the two cities. This holds for their respective cultures, types of class-authority, patterns of leadership, and representative individual characters. In a succession of arresting chapters on wealth, education, leadership in government and society, law, medicine, theology, and other institutional spheres, Baltzell shows us that from the very beginning, and extending through many decades down to the present, Boston's Puritan matrix has served the nation better on the whole than has Philadelphia's antinomian, Quaker roots.

Baltzell makes his point brilliantly in a single contrast: that between two lawyers, one Bostonian, the other Philadelphian, born within a month of each other in 1841. The first is Oliver Wendell Holmes; the other is John Graver Johnson, one of the most notable of Philadelphia's nationally renowned line of lawyers. That the first is a household name and the second unknown save to jurist-antiquarians in Philadelphia is at the heart of Baltzell's thesis.

Holmes, Baltzell writes, was driven by the spur of fame, whereas Johnson was satisfied by success. And behind this contrast lie many others: Holmes was born into a family and class of leaders with a tradition of authority; Johnson, of

WHAT'S BETTER THAN SPEED READING?

SPEED LEARNING

(SPEED PLUS COMPREHENSION)

Speed Learning is replacing speed reading because it's easy to learn . . . lasts a lifetime . . . applies to everything you read . . . and is the only fully accredited course with the option of college credits.

Do you have too much to read and too little time to read it? Do you mentally pronounce each word as you read? Do you frequently have to go back and re-read words or whole paragraphs you just finished reading? Do you have trouble concentrating? Do you quickly forget most of what you read?

If you answer "yes" to any of these questions — then here at last is the practical help you've been waiting for. Whether you read for business or pleasure, school or college, you will build exceptional skills from this major breakthrough in effective reading, created by Dr. Russell Stauffer at the University of Delaware.

Not just "speed reading" — but speed reading-thinking-understanding-remembering-and-learning

The new *Speed Learning Program* shows you step-by-proven-step how to increase your reading skill and speed, so you understand more, remember more and use more of everything you read. The typical remark made by the 75,000 slow readers who completed the *Speed Learning Program* was: "Why didn't someone teach me this a long time ago?" They were no longer held back by the lack of skills and poor reading habits. They could read almost as fast as they could think.

What makes Speed Learning so successful?

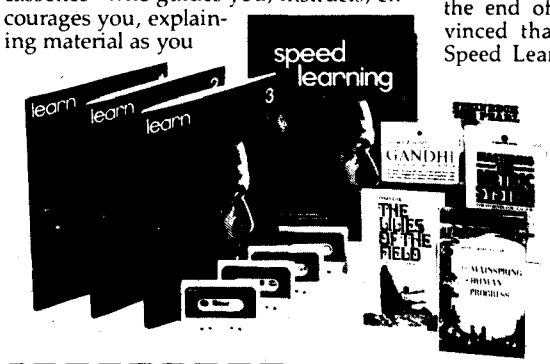
The new *Speed Learning Program* does not offer you a rehash of the usual eye-exercises, timing devices, costly gadgets you've probably heard about in connection with speed reading courses or even tried and found ineffective.

In just a few spare minutes a day of easy reading and exciting listening, you discover an entirely new way to read and think — a radical departure from anything you have ever seen or heard about. Research shows that reading is 95% *thinking* and only 5% eye movement. Yet most of today's speed reading programs spend their time teaching you rapid eye movement (5% of the problem) and ignore the most important part (95%) *thinking*. In brief, *Speed Learning* gives you what speed reading *can't*.

Imagine the new freedom you'll have when you learn how to dash through all types of reading material *at least* twice as fast as you do now, and with greater comprehension. Think of being able to get on top of the avalanche of newspapers, magazines and correspondence you have to read . . . finishing a stimulating book and retaining facts and details more clearly and with greater accuracy than ever before.

Listen-and-learn at your own pace

This is a practical, easy-to-learn program that will work for you — no matter how slow a reader you think you are now. The *Speed Learning Program* is scientifically planned to get you started quickly . . . to help you in spare minutes a day. It brings you a "teacher-on-cassettes" who guides you, instructs, encourages you, explaining material as you read. Interesting items taken from *Time* Magazine, *Business Week, Wall Street Journal, Family Circle, N.Y. Times* and many others, make the program stimulating, easy and fun . . . and so much more effective.



Executives, students, professional people, men and women in all walks of life from 15 to 70 have benefited from this program. Speed Learning is a fully accredited course . . . costing only 1/5 the price of less effective speed reading classroom courses. Now you can examine the same, easy, practical and proven methods at home . . . in spare time . . . without risking a penny.

Examine Speed Learning FREE for 10 days

You will be thrilled at how quickly this program will begin to develop new thinking and reading skills. After listening to just one cassette and reading the preface you will quickly see how you can achieve increases in both the speed at which you read and in the amount you understand and remember.

You must be delighted with what you see or you pay nothing. Examine this remarkable program for 10 days. If, at the end of that time you are not convinced that you would like to master Speed Learning, simply return the program and owe nothing. See the coupon for low price and convenient credit terms.

Note: Many companies and government agencies have tuition assistance plans for employees providing full or partial payment for college credit programs.

In most cases, the entire cost of your Speed Learning Program is Tax Deductible.

EARN COLLEGE & CONTINUING EDUCATION CREDITS FOR SPEED LEARNING

COLLEGE CREDITS

You may obtain *2 full semester hour credits* for course completion, wherever you reside. Credits offered through Whittier College (California). Details included in your program.

PROFESSIONAL SOCIETIES

Speed Learning is offered internationally to members of professional associations such as: American Chemical Society, Foundation for Accounting Education, Institute of Electrical and Electronics Engineers and dozens more. Consult your Education Director for information.

BUSINESS, INDUSTRY, GOVERNMENT

Many companies and government agencies offer Speed Learning as a wholly-paid or tuition reimbursement program. Consult your Training or Personnel Director for details.

learn 113 Gaither Drive, Mount Laurel, N.J. 08054

Please send me the Speed Learning Program at $89.95 plus $3.00 for handling and insured delivery.

Please check the method of payment below:

☐ Check or money order enclosed for items ordered. New Jersey Residents add 5% sales tax.

☐ Please charge my credit card under the regular payment terms: ☐ Bank Americard ☐ Master Charge Interbank No. _____ ☐ American Express ☐ Diners Club

Card No. _____ Exp. Date _____

I understand that if after 10 days I am not delighted in every way, I may return the materials and obtain a full refund with no questions asked.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

x Signature _____

If you don't already own a cassette player, you may order this Deluxe Cassette Recorder for only $49.95. (Includes handling and delivery.)

Check here to order ☐

21AMSP-A— — — **Outside U.S.A. $99.95 + $3 surface mail — airmail extra** — — — — — —

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

humble origins, rose and married into a class, Philadelphia Gentlemen lawyers, that has always chosen private success rather than public leadership. Holmes was arrogant and vain, with all the vices of aristocracy. In contrast, Johnson was democratic and humble, his office filled with clients, rich and poor. Holmes wrote all his life for posterity; the literary tradition was bred into him. Moreover, his literary-juristic eminence crossed both oceans. Johnson wrote nothing, very much in the tradition of Quaker Philadelphia, and he neither sought nor accepted public office or, for that matter, even discussed public questions. Johnson's one extralegal, extrafamilial passion was art, and he built, in the style of the rich then, a fine collection. Holmes was little concerned with the visual, a common trait of the very intellectual. And, according to Baltzell, at least one other difference between these men may be explained by the cultural traditions each came to typify:

> The members of the upper classes in egalitarian societies [such as Philadelphia's, by root] that lack a clear hierarchy of values recognized by all classes tend to avoid position of authority and to protect themselves from the masses by a high wall of wealth. Aristocracies, in contrast to plutocracies, are led by a class whose authority is recognized by all, which lessens the need for the protection of pure wealth. Johnson died a wealthy man; Holmes was only comfortable.

Even at the beginning, or certainly by 1800, all of these differences between the two cities' cultures were apparent: "Class authority and deference democracy were hegemonic values in Massachusetts, as they had been since the colony's founding. . . . In contrast, class authority and deference democracy were rarely since the beginning, and almost never after 1800 hegemonic values in the colony and commonwealth of Pennsylvania." What began, continued. Thus in the life of the mind, the author demonstrates, the powerful intellectual influence upon America of Bostonian culture, from Cotton Mather to Henry Adams, has no counterpart in Philadelphia, which yielded "only a privileged caste that has never given tone to the ideas of either the state of Pennsylvania or the nation." Much the same contrast is seen in the position and activities of Roman Catholics in the two cultures. In Philadelphia "Catholics have been largely content to cultivate their own garden" whereas in Boston they "have been busy cultivating voters of all faiths in their city, their state and their nation." Only in art and architecture has Philadelphia made its mark. "Boston may very well have produced more famous architects on the national scene down through the years, but Philadelphia architecture today is by all odds the most exquisite and richly varied in the nation."

If there is a slight fault in this masterful study it lies perhaps in Baltzell's overweening emphasis upon doing and giving, especially in the political sphere broadly defined. God knows, Massachusetts history, beginning with the presumptuous Pilgrims ("ye are the light of the world. A city that is set on an hill cannot be hid") is filled with those who, unable to sit or stand, must always be *doing* something, a trait that, as Pascal observed, accounts for much of the evil as well as the good in the world. Don't they serve who only stand and wait? Must it always be, as the Duke asked Edward Gibbon upon receiving a copy of the first volume of *The Decline and Fall,* scribble, scribble, scribble? Isn't there something to be said for an Order of the Garter where, as one of its members exulted, there is no damn nonsense about merit? And anyhow, Jonathan Edwards and Oliver Wendell Holmes notwithstanding, which state must carry the dreadful burden of the Kennedy family, whose greatest contribution to the Commonwealth would have been simply remaining behind a good saloon bar?

But these are curmudgeonly mutterings. Not in many years has there appeared a sociological history as deeply researched, imaginatively constructed, and superbly written as *Puritan Boston and Quaker Philadelphia.* And I am sure it will play as well in Peoria as in Boston and Philadelphia. □

O MY AMERICA!
Johanna Kaplan / Harper & Row / $10.95

Tod Lindberg

Johanna Kaplan's first novel, *O My America!,* is about Ez Slavin, an "iconoclastic social critic" (according to the headline of his *New York Times* obituary) and a founding father and leading figure of the counterculture. The sixties' turbulence and its cultural and political antecedents serve as the principal backdrop for the novel, and in the characters of Ez Slavin and his relatives, students, and sycophants, Miss Kaplan examines the political and cultural forces that played themselves out in the rise of the counterculture.

Miss Kaplan writes about Ez and his large family—over his 64 years he has had three wives, a lover, and six children, four of them legitimate—in a series of fragments and vignettes, primarily triggered by the mental associations of his oldest daughter, Merry, when she learns of Ez's death (in 1972). Merry is a social journalist of the standard sixties variety, chronicling in the course of her work "the sudden upsurge of Eastern mystical-religious groups" in New York, among other things. Merry is the only one of Ez's children he has ever treated fairly.

Among Ez's other children, two despise him: Jonathan, his oldest, whom Ez abandoned at the death of the child's mother; and Nicky, the product of his second marriage, who has given up his ambition of becoming a concert pianist in favor of wandering with a tape recorder in the back country of India, there to be a music ethnographer. Ez's illegitimate daughter Ffrenchy Meisel loves him dearly, though; a true product of the sixties, she has dropped out of the Rhode Island School of Design—"'I like *totally* wiped it out of my head, you know? All those *down* art school vibes! Otherwise it would *still* be bringing me down! And that was *two months* ago!'"—and has herself given birth to an illegitimate daughter, Mountain Spring Meisel.

Ez is a lousy father and an unfaithful husband. He even takes young Merry with him on some of his philandering junkets with Paula, who is Ez's lover while he is married to his second wife, Isobel. It also happens that Ez had begun to sleep with Isobel even before the death of Pearl, his first wife. At one point, he tells Merry of his feelings toward his son, Nicky: "'All right, so I'm deficient as a father, I admit it. I am. But I just—Oh, look, Merry, he's always seemed like *Isobel's* child to me—Not mine. Not mine at all. In any way.'"

But it is Ez's political slant that draws most of our attention. "I have had a lifelong affair with the idea of America," Ez says at one point in his life, a remark for which he becomes quite well-known. Ez, whose intellectual mentors include the transcendentalist radical Thoreau, has shaped his "idea of America" to include elements of Thoreau's pacifism and his doctrine of civil disobedience. He holds that one may work inside or outside of the law in order to change the law, the important thing being that one work. Probably derived from Karl Marx, Ez's "idea" also seems to feature a sort of communistic egalitarianism and a strong sense of anti-materialism. And true to form for an "idea" that is essentially moral—it might more accurately be called a vision—Ez's idea denies the legitimacy of any authority, political or otherwise, that does not embrace it.

By his own admission, Ez is more an anarchist than anything else, and, not surprisingly, his "idea of Ameri-

Tod Lindberg is a student at the University of Chicago.

Changing Your Address?

(Please attach address label here.)

Please attach the address label from the *most recent* issue of your *American Spectator* in the space below. Print your new address and mail this form to *The American Spectator.* When writing to us about your subscription, always attach your address label or print your name and address exactly as they appear on your address label. Be sure to include the line of information above your name.
IMPORTANT: Allow six weeks for address change.

THE AMERICAN SPECTATOR
Circulation Department
P.O. Box 1969
Bloomington, Indiana 47402

(please print)

Name.....
Address.....
City .....
State..... Zip.....
Date of change .....
X91

☐ Please renew my subscription for one year (twelve issues—$12).
☐ Payment enclosed
☐ Please bill me

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

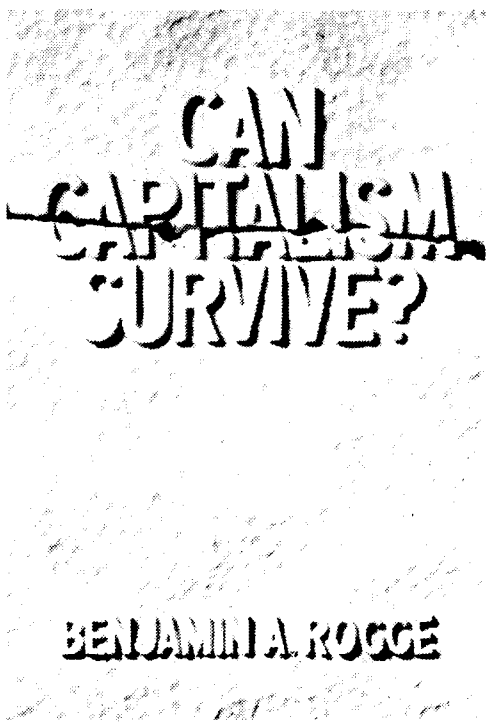
ca," his advocacy of "our own and lawless future," becomes one of the cornerstones of the emerging radicalism of the sixties. As a result, Ez becomes a kind of political celebrity —something he has been before, if on a smaller scale. Beginning in the thirties at the cocktail parties *cum* Communist Party rallies, Ez had always been the star, the one whose views are sought out by everyone else at whatever gathering it may be. To be sure, the sixties cocktail parties have a character somewhat different from those of the thirties; the new element seems to be "radical chic." Among other things, Miss Kaplan writes about an affluent group of doctors and psychiatrists united against the war in Vietnam over a brunch of lox, bagels, and Bloody Marys. But Ez is still the man to talk to, and after he makes a speech at a large protest rally in New York—which is caught on film and becomes the centerpiece of an antiwar movie, *No More American Songs,* later "shown at teach-ins everywhere"—Ez comes into his greatest popularity. He is sought after for interviews and panel discussions, he is the subject of public broadcasting programs, and he resoundingly denounces the older generation, *his* generation, for its horrible faults. In his speech, he tells the young: "'*We* are the ones who let you down. We failed you, *I* failed you'"; yet only the personal part of his pronouncement—what Ez might, but never does, say to his own children and family directly—rings at all true: "'I failed you.'"

On the rest of his generation, and especially on the leaders of America in politics, the military, and industry, Ez wishes to impose his purely moral vision, that "idea of America." He insists on judging the actions of America against the standard of his idea. The America of the sixties fails to measure up, and so he stamps his brand of absolute evil upon it: "This is a country, a whole culture, that is cruel. And without compassion!" But what Ez fails, or refuses, to take into account is that any nation, at any time, would fail to measure up to his impossible standard. With a careful eye toward the realities of the political world, Miss Kaplan has rightly given Ez no grounds for his harsh indictment of the sins of the fathers.

In spite of the ideas Ez brings forth with no basis in reality, and in spite of his consistent unwillingness to take responsibility for what he has done to his children and family, Ez remains for us a sympathetic character. He certainly engages our interest throughout *O My America!*; he is much more intelligent than anyone around him, and if he treats people badly, patronizingly, condescendingly, he does so with a compelling sort of flair and style. But it is not enough for Ez to be sympathetic only by comparison. Miss Kaplan seems to be resting her case for Ez on the consistency of his "lifelong affair with the idea of America"; Ez should be sympathetic not just because he is able to score points on people who are not as bright as he is, but because he has throughout his life been true to his idea of America (groundless as his idea may be).

She is not altogether successful in this. It is not simply that Ez is a man whose time, in the form of the counterculture, has come; Ez, too, has moved with the political fashion, and has thereby done damage to his intellectual integrity. He is conciliatory, even adulatory, to the young people of the counterculture in the face of what he surely recognizes as sloppy thought and inarticulate expression; an essay of his from 1939, urging the United States not to repeal the Neutrality Act, betokens a far more patriotic attitude toward America, a far greater commitment to American possibilities, than his

LibertyPress
LibertyClassics



Can Capitalism Survive?

By Benjamin A. Rogge

Penetrating, witty, and wise prescriptions for our day, by the Distinguished Professor of Political Economy at Wabash College. Rogge explores the prospects for capitalism, the philosophy of freedom, the nature of economics, and what must be done to ensure the survival of capitalism and free institutions. "Provocative"—*Library Journal*. "Delightful"—*Personal Finance*. "Well-reasoned, gracefully written, and gently humorous" —*National Review*. Hardcover $9.00, Paperback $3.50.

We pay postage, but require prepayment, on orders from individuals. Please allow four to six weeks for delivery. To order this book, or for a copy of our catalog, write:
Liberty*Press*/Liberty*Classics*
7440 North Shadeland, Dept. A33
Indianapolis, Indiana 46250

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

speech in *No More American Songs*.

What Miss Kaplan does most assuredly create in *O My America!* is a series of stunning portraits of her characters and their world. We read of Nicky travelling in India, of Ffrenchy unabashedly breastfeeding her daughter on the sidewalk of New York's West End Avenue, of Ez making a desperate and unsuccessful attempt to make amends with his abandoned son Jonathan in the name of peace in Vietnam. And at a pary Ez attends before he makes his famous speech, there is this splendid remark made by the wife of a psychiatrist about her son: "'In fact, he would be here right now, but he's busy with the committee. And if anyone ever had a better reason for not coming to a party, I haven't heard it.'" But *O My America!* is primarily a political novel, and in weaving together the personal, social, and cultural threads of the time, Miss Kaplan has superbly exposed the ideas of the counter-culture—their hypocrisies, their groundlessness, and their lies. □

SPECTATOR'S JOURNAL

A Rite of Spring

The Soviets are in Afghanistan, baby seals are under attack again in the arctic, and consumers of perfume the world over continue to worry about the shortage of placenta coming from the Caribbean. Even so, the Music Educators National Conference held their national convention in mid-April and, judging by the abstracts of the papers presented there, it was a serious affair, notwithstanding the voluptuous attractions of Miami Beach. Who, after all, would favor sun and surf to hearing about "The Effect of Participation in a Music-Based Arts Education Program on Non-Musical Factors of Selected Fourth-Grade Children"? Maybe a few people, come to think about it. But the presenting of abstruse papers in lecture form is the hallmark of any great profession's national convention, and besides, not all of the MENC's papers were so pedantically narrow. For instance, Patricia Flowers of Florida State University revealed in her paper that, according to her experiments, students who listened to African music *qua* music liked it better than those who had never heard it at all.

What is more, the subjects of the conventions' papers ranged beyond music, narrowly defined, to include, among other things, Kansas. George Heller spoke on music education in Kansas from 1854 to 1870 and Reginald Buckner presented a paper on "The History of Music Education in the Black Community of Kansas City, Kansas, 1905-1954." Paul Haack is from the University of Kansas but, significantly (as the music educators would say), in his paper he chose not to discuss Kansas, as a state, at all. Realizing that "little is known about the manner in which high school students value artistic objects, nor [sic] about their valuing awareness," he decided to do some digging. The results: Having been instructed in the value of art and music, students "demonstrated significant increases in the ability to assess personal values." But not everyone's results were so heartening. Donald Hamann and Shirley Herlong of the University of North Carolina at Greensboro discovered that stress and anxiety had no (significant) effect on music performance, a finding all the more important for being counterintuitive and probably dead wrong.

At a time when serious music is under attack for being—besides ugly—lofty, cerebral, and of course elitist, the music educators at their national convention showed themselves to be anything but indifferent to the concerns of both the *popolo minuto* and, incidentally, academic promotion committees. Charles Elliott and Nell Sins discovered that most music students respond "positively" to handicapped peers, although female students "tended to be more positive." According to Alicia Gibbons, although probably to her chagrin (for her results are nothing if not ammunition for the enemies of the welfare state), elderly people with high morale are not necessarily more musical than elderly people with low morale, proof of which follows when she points out that the female elderly scored better on musical aptitude tests than the male. Another aborted thesis: Ann Small and Frances McCachern found that first-graders sing about as well after hearing a man's voice as after hearing a woman's. Ann and Frances, however, were far from cavalier, or concise, in stating their conclusion: "Results indicated a similarity of pitch-matching accuracy means which, in this context, suggests that male vocal modeling may not necessarily present unique pitch-matching problems to first graders."

Whatever the other achievements of the MENC convention, it did put Kutztown State College on the map—though of precisely which state remains uncertain. Laree M. Tollinger sits on Kutztown's faculty. Her "Study of Creative Women Musicians With Implications for Nurturing Creativity in Music Students" dared both to subvert and shore up our conventional notions about music and sex. Affirmed: Women musicians reveal "androgynous personalities." Denied: Highly creative women musicians show a "stronger endorsement of feminine characteristics." According to Miss Tollinger, highly creative women were "significantly [!] more self-reliant, ambitious, willing to take risks and to defend beliefs—desirable masculine traits. They were also more childlike, a feminine trait, and conceited, a neuter trait."

Isn't it inspiring to know that, even as the baby seals are being thumped brutally and Soviet peace-keeping forces are being called upon to pacify what our President refers to as the "freedom-loving" nation of Afghanistan, some Americans remain undeterred from their devotion to Art?

—EE

Anonymity Too Soon

No one has ever explained why it is easier for the human brain to produce a 500-page book than a one-line epigram. Book authors come in shoals; there is never a shortage. But at no time, ever, is there more than the thinnest trickle of those capable of fashioning a *mot* that, in a sparse sentence or two, turns a laser-beam of penetration into the way things are or with a flash of insight exposes a hidden aspect of human folly. We owe a debt to these conjurors of the phrase who express, brilliantly and succinctly, what we would all like to say ourselves if only we could get our thoughts into sharp enough focus and arrange the words in the right order.

One would like to think that the special quality of the authentic aphorist, the rarity of his gift, would cause his name to be universally treasured and chiseled into the stone of public memory. What happens, though, is that the bright saying, the gem-like epigram, the curtly comical remark, is taken up and endlessly repeated while the name of its author

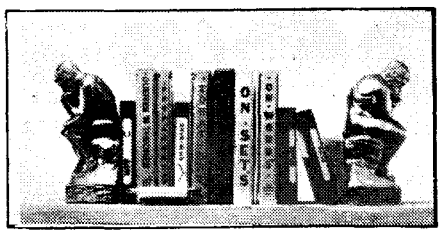
There is opportunity in America!

Sarkes Tarzian Inc. Bloomington, Indiana

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Plant a THINK TANK anywhere and watch the minds grow!

home-office-school-park-club-churches-laboratory



Unique instructional games designed by university professors to make learning fun through brain-to-brain action. Beginning games can be mastered by young children—final games will challenge intelligent adults. These are the famous GAMES FOR THINKERS from WFF 'N PROOF Publishers.

WFF 'N PROOF (logic)	13.00*
QUERIES 'N THEORIES (sci. & lang.)	13.00*
EQUATIONS (mathematics)	10.00*
ON-SETS (set theory)	10.00*
PROPAGANDA (social studies)	11.00*
ON-WORDS (word structures)	10.00*
CONFIGURATIONS (geometry)	6.75*
TRI-NIM (problem solving)	5.75*
REAL NUMBERS (arithmetic)	2.25*
WFF (beginner's logic)	2.25*
QWIK-SANE (topology puzzle)	2.25*
TAC-TICKLE (pure strategy)	1.75*
TEACHERS MANUAL	1.25*
MEDITATION GAME (pure strategy)	2.25*
THINKERS BOOKENDS	16.00*
Complete 13-Kit THINK TANK & Teachers Manual with Bookends	96.50*
without Bookends	86.50*

*includes postage and handling charges.

Order from: **WFF 'N PROOF**

1490-CP South Blvd.

Ann Arbor, MI 48104

Fully guaranteed. Dealer inquiries invited.

Gifts that are a COMPLIMENT to receive!

is all too often forgotten. Or worse, he is confused with somebody else who said something entirely differer..

Thus, the newspapers regularly attribute to Will Rogers lines that belong to Mark Twain, or the reverse; on a network broadcast an immortal saying of Milton's is blandly handed to Winston Churchill; a literary interview transfers Wordsworth's definition of poetry to Keats; and virtually no one remembers that the phrase about less being more, so tediously trotted out in the better journals, really belongs to Robert Browning. In her day, which is not yet entirely over, Dorothy Parker served as the legendary bulletin board on which every loose and drifting epigram and wisecrack was pinned by way of attribution. She was even credited in her own obituary (in the *New York Times*, no less) with a line of La Rochefoucauld's, written 300 years before she was born.*

Worse, perhaps, than having a durable observation taken from its "onlie begetter" and handed to someone else is to have it relegated to the catch basin of "Anonymous" before its time. When that happens a pall of antiquity beclouds the saying and its vitality and relevance drain away. The name of the poor wretch who produced the gem—for gem it must be to get repeated often enough to qualify for "Anonymous"—is in danger of being lost beyond retrieval. A hard thing, considering how scant are the souls capable of producing a memorable line in the first place.

A cruel example of inflicting premature, and needless, anonymity on a gifted writer occurred recently in the *Reader's Digest* under the rubric "Quotable Quotes." One of the quotes quoted, the best on the page by a wide margin, was attributed to "Anonymous" though the name of its author was well known to many on two continents. The man so unceremoniously bundled off to limbo by the *Digest* was Stanislaw J. Lec, hardly more than ten years in his grave. The saying he had so unjustly been detached from was: "In a war of ideas it is people who get killed." The line appears on page 105 of a little jewelbox of a book called *Unkempt Thoughts*, published in 1965 by St. Martin's Press.

Stanislaw Jerzy Lec was a Polish poet and satirist who has been called "one of the notable wits of our dark time." Born (in 1909) under the Austro-Hungarian Empire, he lived to be imprisoned in a Nazi concentration camp, to escape and join the underground, and, after the war, to become Cultural Attaché of the Polish Embassy in Vienna. His own dark time did not prevent him from being, now and then, frivolous and a little naughty in some of his sayings—"Hay smells different to lovers and horses" for instance, or "Are naked women intelligent?" But there is little of the Oscar Wilde-Noel Coward style of juggling colored balls in the air about the essential Lec. It is his grimly on-target political comment that will fend off for a long time to come the anonymity which the *Digest* so heedlessly thrust upon him. His aphorisms are, to quote Clifton Fadiman, "witty as they can be; but they also make the scalp crawl." A brief sampling, crisply translated by Jacek Galazka, will give the flavor:

In some countries life is so open you can spot the secret police everywhere.

Burning stakes do not lighten the darkness.

I give you bitter pills in sugar coating. The pills are harmless; the poison is in the sugar.

It is easy to hang puppets. The strings are already there.

He was 57 when he died, but his reputation had spread far beyond the pages of the satirical weekly *Szpilki* to which he regularly contributed. His sayings, so uncommonly incisive and fresh, made his name known not only in his native Poland but also in Germany, France, and England, and then, across the ocean, here in the United States where two printings of his *Unkempt Thoughts* have appeared. Being quoted in *Reader's Digest* would have made the name of Stanislaw J. Lec known to millions more in America if not for the curious slip-up which wiped it out with the eraser of "Anonymous." Still, Lec himself would have had the true wit's attitude of detachment about such a matter. One of his epigrams goes: "The first condition of immortality is death."

—*Richard Hanser*

*"Most good women are hidden treasures who are only safe because nobody is looking for them."

Stay Ahead of The News

...with fact-filled Issues in Brief from the ACU Education and Research Institute. Here's what we mean:

- In August, 1977, Issues in Brief spotlighted **"Cuba in Africa,"** in a well-documented and widely reprinted study. Two months later, the issue was in the headlines.
- In June, 1978, ACU-ERI published **"Repression in Vietnam,"** showing the dictatorial nature of the Communist regime. In succeeding months, this analysis was fully confirmed by the pathetic spectacle of the "boat people."
- In the summer of 1979, ERI went to work on the subject of Iranian students in the United States. When the Teheran crisis broke in the fall, ERI's definitive issue brief, **"Iranian Students: Who Are They?"** was, again, ahead of the news.

Similar in-depth, before-the-event analyses of major public policy issues—solar energy, the troubles of American steel, hospital costs, mass transit—have marked this series from the beginning.

Now you can send in for one or more of these publications, for 50 cents apiece, plus postage and handling—or, for $25 a year, be placed on our special list to receive *all* of ERI's longer public policy studies, issue briefs, newspaper condensations, and newsletters. Simply fill in and mail the form below.

- ☐ Jamaica and the Caribbean
- ☐ The Problem of Hospital Costs
- ☐ Cuba in Africa
- ☐ East-West Trade
- ☐ The Marijuana Dispute
- ☐ Repression in Vietnam
- ☐ The U.S. Postal Service
- ☐ Metro, BART And The Failure of Mass Transit
- ☐ How Many Billions For Defense?
- ☐ Steel, Jobs And The EPA
- ☐ Compulsory National Service
- ☐ The Trouble With Amtrak
- ☐ Solar Energy—Prospects and Problems
- ☐ Soviet Violations of SALT I
- ☐ Iranian Students: Who Are They?

A

ACU E&RI

ACU Education & Research Institute
600 Pennsylvania Ave., S.E., Suite 207, Washington, D.C. 20003

☐ Please send me the Issues in Brief I have checked above, at 50 cents apiece, plus 50¢ for postage and handling.

☐ Please put me on your list to receive all ERI publications for the coming year, at $25 total cost.

☐ Payment Enclosed. ☐ I would like more information.

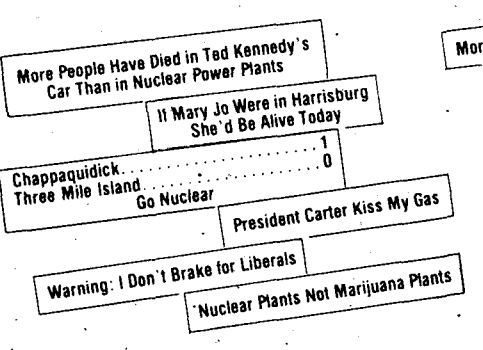
Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____ ZIP_____

Bumper Stickers That Say It All

Order them in bulk quantities for your friends, club or political group.


More People Have Died in Ted Kennedy's Car Than in Nuclear Power Plants
If Mary Jo Were in Harrisburg She'd Be Alive Today
Chappaquidick 1
Three Mile Island 0
Go Nuclear
President Carter Kiss My Gas
Warning: I Don't Brake for Liberals
Nuclear Plants Not Marijuana Plants
More Nukes Less Kooks
Better Dead Than Ted
Pot Smokers Make Lousy Lovers

$1.00 each; Any 25 for $15.00
Any 100 for $35.00
All vinyl,,will not fade
Custom stickers available too
Make checks payable to:

Campaigner Sticker
52 N. Arlington Ave. Dept. S
East Orange, NJ 07017

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CURRENT WISDOM

The New York Times Magazine

A student of the Galbraithian argle-bargle lets out some high-toned economic commentary in C major, re: Margaret Thatcher:

So Margaret Thatcher, preaching the gospel of capitalist fundamentalism, wants to turn back the clock to the 19th century....What a leader for the 80's! Just what specific aspects of 19th-century capitalism does Mrs. Thatcher admire? Slavery? Colonialism? Racism? Mass unemployment? Infant mortality? Famine in Ireland? Subjugation of women? After all, these items, and not the fantasy of "sound money," were the building blocks of British capital's happy days. Nostalgia is just a prelude to barbarism.

For five years under the Labor Government, the British working class was cajoled and coerced from social contract to self-restraint in the name of economy. Future growth in exchange for immediate austerity. Every temporary respite purchased for British capital and capitalists through this reduction in living standards has only underscored capital's inability to maintain and organize the economy on a rational basis.

Mrs. Thatcher presents the same pay-now, eat-later program in a more virulent form. This economic primitivism has not "righted" any economy when implemented. Primitivism can, and has, expanded capital's universe of impoverishment; and poverty, not growth, is capitalism's salvation. DAVID SCHANOES

New York City

[*February 3, 1980*]

Pravda

The lugubrious state of the world as seen by Dr. Leonid I. Brezhnev, Hero of Socialist Labor, and reported in *Pravda,* a beacon of hope for free peoples everywhere:

Unfortunately, the international situation has noticeably deteriorated at the meeting point of the 'Seventies and 'Eighties. And the peoples ought to know the truth about who is responsible. I will answer without any reservation: the blame lies on the imperialist forces, and above all on certain circles in the USA.

[*January 13, 1980*]

Vegetarian Times

The heretofore irreproachable editor of *Vegetarian Times* is notified of a shocking dereliction by an unsung rigorist now slowly starving somewhere amid our amber waves of grain:

I cringed when I read *Ms. Natural's* answer to Sue Seliny, that natural sea sponges could be used as an alternative to paper sanitary napkins or tampons.

Sea sponges are sea animals! Don't these creatures have as much right to live as the creatures on the land? Sure I care about the trees, but they're plants, and sponges are animals.

—Name withheld by request

[*January/February 1980*]

The Los Angeles Times

A recent intelligence estimate on revolutionary activity in the Mullah Brown's home province:

Gov. Jerry Brown has named nine persons, including a lesbian author, a psychiatrist and two county supervisors, to a newly created commission to study the possible root causes of violence and crime.

The Legislature last year passed AB23 by Assemblyman John Vasconcellos (D-San Jose), creating the California Commission on Crime Control and Violence Prevention.

Vasconcellos envisioned the commission as exploring "possible root causes of violence in 13 human experiences-processes: birthing, parenting, diet-nutrition, human touching, self-esteem, suppressed emotions, repressed body, sex role stereotyping, sexual repression, television, prejudice, poverty and powerlessness."

[*January 5, 1980*]

The New York Times

From John R. Oakes, cogencies born of desperation and presented with a schoolmarm's grace:

...is this latest Soviet outrage so directly threatening to us that it warrants sudden capitulation by Mr. Carter to America's traditional hardliners, in order to prove he's the toughest guy on the block?

Is the White House response, though emotionally satisfactory at the moment, not likely to be counterproductive in the long run, and ineffective in the short run, leaving us in a less tenable position vis-à-vis both the Russians and our allies than we were before it all began? Will public bluster be more effective than quiet diplomacy....

[*January 22, 1980*]

The Progressive

A fragrant dithyramb for the bovine readers who graze with *The Progressive,* one of American journalism's leading fields of alfalfa:

Throwing people in prison and vastly increasing the number of prisons is not an appropriate cure for unemployment. The influx of new prisoners, and the alarming increase of minority inmates in the Federal system, should stimulate the Department of Justice to review the economic and racial biases of punishment, rather than blindly building ever more cages to house the victims of repression. . . .

The problem of overcrowded prisons, like the problem of crime itself, can not be solved by building ever more prisons. We will have no true order or real criminal justice until we seriously pursue economic, racial, and political justice for all. The key to unlocking our caged criminal injustice system will not come from prosecutors, judges, prison administrators, or others with a vested interest in enlarging the crime control industry. It will have to come from ourselves, the real victims of this violent process.

[*December 1979*]

The New York Times

Whittaker Chambers, as seen by Vincent Canby, quondam restaurant critic for the authoritative *Times:*

What he has left behind him is a record of pathetic confessions and pathetic deceptions, some of which had horrendous consequences. We see no sign of Dostoyevskian character wrestling with guilts as old as Christian time. Instead, he looks to be superficial though dangerously deluded. He reminds us of the Son of Sam.

[*March 9, 1980*]

The New York Times

Craig R. Whitney, writing from Moscow, views the Soviet peace-keeping forces in Afghanistan and sees a historic and portentous parallel. Will Beverly Hills see things this way? Would Jane Fonda be willing to appear in an *Apocolypse Now* whose protagonists donned little red stars?

The official version, that the Afghan Government is in charge, is as difficult for the Kremlin to sustain as it was for the Johnson Administration to contend that Americans would have only a limited role in Vietnam in the 1960's.

[*March 9, 1980*]

Valley Advocate

(Amherst, Massachusetts)

An affecting letter to the editor of the *Valley Advocate,* reminding the heterosexual community of metropolitan Amherst that there are times when it is not so gay to be gay, for instance during the dark hours of Valentine's Day:

Don't you think it inaccurate, to say the least, that a series of no less than six Valentine's Day articles on "the peaks and valleys of contemporary relationships" failed to mention gay relationships even *once?* We, too, have had great loves and love songs: we too feel the thrill of clandestine affairs, the pain of breaking up, the problems of sexual "dysfunction." And as for "the wrinkles of single parenthood," try on the wrinkle of being a lesbian or a gay man, and see if you can even get *near* your own children, let alone worry about how they feel about your lovers.

The problem with the articles, in tone as well as substance, is one we as gay people run into all the time: *everyone assumes that everyone else is heterosexual.* I know there are many non-gay people out there who really want to ally yourselves with us. To do so, you will have to challenge this profound assumption, both in yourselves and others.

With the overt and frequently violent oppression of gay men and lesbians on the rise, we don't need the covert oppression of being ignored by you who should be with us.

—Bruce MacDonald

Greenfield

[*February 13, 1980*]

The Progressive

A proud declaration from the lunatic fringe:

For many years now, *The Progressive* has made it a practice to provide a free subscription to any prisoner who requested it. We know from the correspondence we receive that these copies are widely circulated and deeply appreciated.

[*December 1979*]

The Boston Globe

Another grim interlude with a feminist metaphysician, this one a 200-pounder with unshaved legs:

Freud posed the curious question "What does a woman want?" He asked it as if there were only one woman, or as if all women wanted the same thing, or as if there were any better way of finding out than by asking a woman.

Freud's question seems silly. But one question that has always taunted me is, what do women need? What do I need, as a woman? So much of feminism is about what we don't need, about the constraints and insults that push women around. It's taking me quite a long time to realize some of the things I do need that women haven't been able to get—for centuries, or maybe never.

One of the things I need the very most is to think.

[*January 25, 1980*]

The Portland Press Herald

Following the Kennedy comet through Maine, where the Peoples' Senator was eventually to lose to the Wonderboy (Carter 46.7%, Kennedy 38.9%), Mary McGrory falls under the great man's spell:

PORTLAND, Maine—In the Lazarus of the Month Club beat of this year's struggle for the Democratic nomination, Sen. Edward Kennedy looks like the February choice.

Kennedy's defeat in Iowa was supposed to put his candidacy under. But the wallop cleared his head, and Jimmy Carter played into his hands with a bellicose State of the Union speech; and Kennedy, with his troops revived by the Georgetown manifesto he delivered on Jan. 28, is moving around Maine for all the world like a real, live challenger. . . .

He goes before a group of feminists. He tells them that his wife Joan, like so many of them, has decided to go to graduate school. Her decision has meant that he has much more time with the children. It is a new "liberation" shine on a hitherto troublesome question. . . .

Now, his candidacy has taken on the aura of a cause and he is a free man.

He has been freed from the shadow of his brothers. His campaign has acquired a moral imperative that has nothing to do with them. Someone has to speak out against the "war hysteria" emanating from the White House, and the other liberals have fallen silent. The man who could not shake Chappaquiddick is being reborn as the conscience of his party.

[*February 5, 1980*]

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

classified

HELP WANTED

Assistant Editor—Educational journal and newsletter looking for a young, high energy reporter-editor. Responsibilites would include investigative reporting, editorial writing and magazine lay-out. Individual should be familiar with current debates about higher education, particularly among the Ivies. Ivy education preferred, but not required. Must relocate to college town. Excellent opportunity for advancement, good salary and benefits. c/o Box AD, The American Spectator.

Teach overseas! For details, send self-addressed, stamped, long envelope to: Teaching, P.O. Box 1049, San Diego, CA 92112.

Save or earn to $10,000 yearly in only one hour daily part-time. Send $15.00 today to Rich Howard, 3301 Joplin, Joplin, MO 64801

POSITIONS WANTED

Bright, Conservative student seeks position as an AuPair Girl during June and July. Contact: Jillian Friedman, 3614 Whitland Ave. Nashville, Tenn. 37205

PERIODICALS

LE MERCENAIRE! Monthly newsletter for professionals. Hard intelligence on terrorism, Communist subversion, mercenary activities. Sample $1.00, or $9.00 per year. $12.00 overseas. 540 Charles St., Dept. A, Aurora, IL 60506.

Anti-New Think, anti-Vatican II letters. Send $1 for three sample copies. W.F. Strojie, 41695 Clark-Smith Dr., Lebanon, OR 97355.

UFOs. Monthly reports from United States, foreign newspapers. Free details; sampler, $1.00., UFONS, Route 1, Box 220AS, Plumerville, Arkansas 72127.

Cuba, Castro and Human Rights
For a *FREE* copy of *Of Human Rights*, a report on the human condition in Cuba, write today to Of Human Rights, Georgetown University, Box 868, East Campus, Washington, D.C. 20057

CARIBBEAN-WATCHERS!
Probing, comprehensive coverage of nations in, bordering Caribbean. Monthly newsletter. Special $12 yearly. Samples $1. Caribbean News, 507-G Fifth Avenue, NYC 10017.

THE INDEPENDENT JOURNAL OF PHILOSOPHY
provides an international forum for the exploration of responsible, articulate alternatives to the positivist-analytical, Marxist, and narrowly academicist trends of contemporary philosophy. Subscriptions—$12.00 (Students, $8.50): Cobenzlgasse 13/4, A-1190S Vienna, Austria.

MYERS' professional editing, rewriting, revising, typing. Box 1019, South Pasadena, CA 91030.

NEW PURE WATER
NEW WORLD DISTILLER II
Unique high rise distillation
Purest water possible for 7¢ a gal
No moving parts-Maintenance free
Makes others obsolete
5 year warranty
WATER WISE CO.
BOX 459 GS CENTER HILL, FL 33514
CALL TOLL FREE! 24 Hr Service 1 800 327 9009 Ext 336
FL RES 1 800 432 7999

BOOKS

YOUR RETIREMENT may drive your wife crazy. Read "Move Over, Mama" by Marie Sorenson, $3.95, Osmar Press, P.O. Box 126, Modesto, CA 95353

PUBLISHERS' OVERSTOCKS, BARGAIN BOOKS.
3,000 titles, all subjects! Free catalog: Hamilton, 98-74 Clapboard, Danbury, CT 06810.

PUBLISH YOUR BOOK!
Join our successful authors. Publicity, advertising, beautiful books. All subjects invited. Send for fact-filled booklet and free manuscript report. Carlton Press, Dept. ASO, 84 Fifth Avenue, New York 10011.

McGUFFEY READERS, replica 1879 edition. Nostalgic set; fine literary selections; engravings. Seven books, hardbound, $27 postpaid. STELLA MARIS BOOKS, Box 5307AS, Waco, TX 76708.

SAVE GAS—SHOP BY MAIL
Get our book bargain catalog. Send SASE #10 for latest listing. J. Bolger, Dept. S, P.O. Box 704, Bridgeton, MO 63044.

"YOUR GUIDE TO CHANTING FOR MEDITATION"
Self-study reference. Send $6.00 to Danhart Music, Box 3143, Falls Church, VA 22043.

FAVORITE OLD SONGS AND POEMS
36 Pages, $2.00, T. Sexton, 188 W. Bernard, St. Paul, Minn. 55118

SHOP BY MAIL
Big Discounts. Vitamins, Books, Fat catalog—$1.00-Suburban Shopper, Box 209G, East Millstone, N.J. 08873

INSTRUCTIONAL PAMPHLETS

STOP POISONING YOUR PET! Insecticides are contact nerve poisons, absorbable and cumulative. REPEL FLEAS NUTRITIONALLY, a paperback. $4.95 ppd. Satisfaction guaranteed. Pet Health Publications, 740 N.E. 40th Ct., Fort Lauderdale, FL 33334, Dept. ASO.

Send $1 for a selection of United States Industrial Council Educational Foundation booklets on current issues. Write: USICEF, P.O. Box 2686, Nashville, Tenn. 37219.

How your mind controls health! Easy method sheds stress. American Meditation, 1232 Race Road, Baltimore, MD 21237.

"Tips On Buying A Used Car" $1.00 Graylor, Dept. AS4, 1520 Center Des Moines Iowa 50314

PICNIC TABLES for complete Plans send $3.00. MEYERS ENTERPRISE Box AM157, Capron, Illinois 61012

LUCKY AMULETS AMAZING
For Wealth, Love and Health
Can also prepare them for any other purpose—remove hexes, etc.
$10.00 each—Immediate delivery
GEMINIO, P.O. Box 2006
Glendale, Calif. 91209

INSTRUCTIONAL PAMPHLETS

Looking for an alternative? Reduce your electric bills using Mother Nature's free air. Write for your Wind Jennie information today. Product Development Institute, Box 200 TA, 4440 Secor Road, Toledo, Ohio 43623.

Indian artifacts. Old. Great investment. Send $1.00 for huge listings. Indian Shop, Independence, KY 41051.

Reduce income tax interest up to 50%. Information $3.00. APWP, Box 28594, Sacramento, CA 95828.

PREVENTING BURNOUT
THE NUTRITIONAL APPROACH
Seminar Your location, one day, C.J. Frompovich, Publications RD1 Chestnut Road, Coopersburg, PA. 18036

Pancakes, best ever eaten. Send $1.25 to Super Pancake, Box 8R, Rt 1, Columbus N.C. 28722

MERCHANDISE

GOLD BULLION AND COINS for sale. No sales tax. Cheshire National Bank, 15 Main Street, Keene, NH 03431, (603) 352-5050. (Member FDIC)

DATE NAILS—$6.00 for 15 different plus literature. Glenn Wiswell, 29 Meadowbrook, Cedar Grove, NJ 07009.

FINE WALKING STICKS AND CANES. Free color brochure. Marchele Co., Dept. AM, 720 Fort Washington Ave., New York, NY 10040.

HANG A POET. I'll handprint and frame your favorite poem. Brochure 25 cents. Box GL, The American Spectator.

SOLAR ELECTRIC BATTERY CHARGERS
Autos — Boats — Cabins — Motor Homes. Technical bulletin $1.00. Sunpower, Box 66, Carpinteria, CA 93013.

Emblems custom embroidered, minimum 10, TLCA, 1929 E. 52nd St., Indianapolis, IN 46205, (317) 257-1424.

MERCHANDISE

ANTIQUE JUKEBOXES. The fun collectable. For parts, literature, or a complete machine see our FREE catalog. Write to: Jukebox Junction, Box 1081, Des Moines, Iowa 50311 or call 515-981-4019.

SURVIVAL FOOD FOR EASTERN SUBSCRIBERS. Buy direct from packer/distributor. Save high freight. Freeze dry/dehyd. Catalog: Stowaway, Independence Hiway, Cohasset, Mass. 02025.

MR. BUSINESSMAN: Try our Advertising Memo Books. Better than a business card. Details and sample. FotoPress, 1313 Lombardy, Bay Shore, NY 11706.

Short-run custom belt buckles with your logo my speciality. Solid sandcast silicon bronze, all hand finished. Buckles by Mike, 1225 Manzanita, Dept. AS, Los Angeles, CA 90029

ARTISTS—USE "CLIP-IT"!
No nails—no tools—mount or exchange canvas paintings quickly and securely. The time you save pays for Clip-It! Box of 100, $14.95 UPS paid. ART-LITE ENTERPRISES, 365 Wizzow Street, San Jose, CA 95110.

OLD MOVIE STILL prints, circa 1920s. Perfect for wall decor, etc. 100 all-different scenes, six dollars, shipped postage prepaid. Studio Archives, 9348 Santa Monica, Beverly Hills, CA 90210.

FURNITURE 40% off retail. 150 major companies. Write for FREE brochure Sobol House, Box 757AS, Black Mtn., NC 28711.

WIN UP TO $10,000,000!
Completely new, unique opportunity Send $2 for details. ABC, Box 1507/TR3, Kingston, Canada K7L 5C7.

FOR MEN ONLY
Patented traction device as advertised in *Psychology Today* will enhance urinary control and penile circulation in most men over 40. Full instructions and money back guarantee. $7.95. Medical Assists Corp., U.S. 50, Loogootee, IN 47553.

CLASSIFIED ORDER FORM

You can reach 70,000 informed and interested readers in the classified section of *The American Spectator*. Our rates are only $.50 per word (12-word minimum). Include an additional $3.00 if you want a box number, and we will forward all inquiries to you once a week. *The American Spectator* reserves the right to reject any copy for any reason. Please specify ad classification: Help Wanted, Positions Wanted, Books, Periodicals, Literary, Conferences, Personals, Travel, Bumperstickers & Buttons, Merchandise, Wanted, Miscellaneous.

Yes, I'd like to place a classified ad in *The American Spectator*. Enclosed is full payment.

..... (# of words) x $.50 x ..... (# of issues ad is to appear) = $.....
(Check enclosed)
Ad classification: ..... Payment must accompany order.

Name

Address

City State Zip

My ad reads:

_____

_____

_____

Please write additional ads on a separate sheet.

The American Spectator, Classified Dept., P.O. Box 1969, Bloomington, IN 47402

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MERCHANDISE

Problems? Try herbs! Free catalog! 603(A) North 2nd, Philadelphia, PA 19123; (215) 925-3336 anytime.

SURVIVAL VILLAGE IN FLORIDA
Now in planning stage. 80 acre tract already acquired. 20 units proposed. Box GJ, The American Spectator.

MEDIEVAL FARTING CONTEST
Elizabeth, Shakespeare, other notables compete, with accompanying lewd remarks. Mark Twain's brilliant, wickedly lascivious underground masterpiece. Unbelievable; a real rip-snorter! (Eighty-page annotated edition; privately printed.) $10 to "1601," Box 69-S, Carrboro, NC 27510.

BUMPERSTICKERS & BUTTONS

ANYWHERE BUT MOSCOW
Support common sense and nonpolitical Olympics. Red, white, and blue, 4"x15", removable vinyl bumpersticker. One-half earnings to alternative site, or to Afghan refugees. Long S.A.S.E. and $1.50: ABM Citizens, Box 6220, Arlington, Virginia. Distributors needed. (703) 527-1955.

PERSONALS

LIFETIME ordination. Chaplain's commission. Many financial benefits. Chaplain's Association, Gatlinburg, TN 37738.

Join CHICKEN LITTLE CLUB. Help laugh out extremism. $15 (recoverable). Write Dept. B, Box 174 Cardiff, CA 92007

Correspondence Clubs
Catholic, Seniors, young singles, Sparks, Box 872, Troy, NY 12181

MISCELLANEOUS

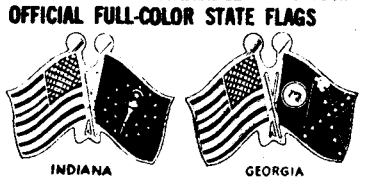
Providing an outstanding Address in Houston. Combine our Mail-Forwarding service and telephone-call forwarding and you have that Branch Office. Easy and inexpensive. Private Post Office Systems 1400 So. Post Oak Road., Suite 701 Houston, Texas 77056

Career, Home Opportunites Puget Sound, Seattle, $2.00, Living, Box 591, Tenino 98589

BOYNTON
A hard school for boys who want to learn—Christian emphasis—beautiful farm location, self helf, simple living, moderate tuition, enrollment limited to thirty. Contact Arthur J. Boynton, Jr., Oxford, New Hampshire, 03777

The "minimum wage" is all the rage, but don't be fooled. Send a SASE to inflation-ending 50/50 ECONOMICS, Box 2138, Youngstown, Ohio 44504.

U.S./STATE FLAG PINS *Lapel Pin
ALL 50 STATES AVAILABLE *Tie Tack
OFFICIAL FULL-COLOR STATE FLAGS



INDIANA GEORGIA

YOUR STATE TWIN FLAG EMBLEM—Etched brass, with gold finish. Red, white & blue U.S. flag pins. Ladies can wear as scatter pins. Great for your personal wardrobe or for use as business gifts, prizes or awards. Can be used as a fund raising project.
2/$3; 4/$5; 10/$10 ppd. Quantity prices available. Glendex Co., Box 440-S Flushing, New York 11365.

BROCK YATES
(continued from page 28)

fumigate the fungus-encrusted chambers of GM's executive suite. Others say that DeLorean aided his demise with excesses of vanity and imprudent social gaffes, such as shedding his wife of many years and pairing up, in rapid succession, with flashy little buds in their 20s. His vivid appearance (manifesting a proclivity for tailored, Italianesque suits and longish, heavily dyed hair), his somewhat less than successful attempts to position himself as an international, jet-set celebrity, his posing, bare-chested, for a color poster, his constant (and perfectly correct) public utterings that Detroit must build smaller, more environmentally responsible vehicles—all combined to create enemies among his dowdy, stolid burgher associates, whose idea of a big time was swilling an extra Martini on the eve of the Michigan-Ohio State football game.

Whatever the reasons for DeLorean's fall from grace, and however staid he found his associates to be, there is more to a corporation than its executive personalities. For instance, there are those corporate conspiracies and outrages that elevate Naderites into spasms of reformist reverie—just the kinds of things one might relish to read in an insider's account. One imagines GM's merciless hammerblows against its rivals, its manipulation of governments, the bribing of senators, the cynical manufacture of lethal automobiles, and assorted financial gyrations that would make Bert Lance, Bernie Cornfeld, and Robert Vesco look like neighborhood grafters by comparison. But sadly, the only scandals that DeLorean can seem to dredge up in 235 manifestly self-serving pages involve the ill-fated Corvair, and some hazy business about his being dragooned for obscure political contributions. His Corvair criticisms are a bit odd, in that he flays GM in much of the book for its disregard of technological progress, then singles out the Corvair, which was a rare example of engineering audacity in the corporation's history, for indictment. (Nevertheless, DeLorean is probably correct when he claims that much of the GM hierarchy was aware of the Corvair's jittery rear suspension but decided to go ahead and sell the car anyway.)

The trouble with DeLorean's treatise is not so much its content—which, doubtless, is accurate—as its style. He whines about aspects of big business that are so indigenous to old, powerful, establishment-oriented companies that only the most naive sophomore in business school would be surprised at his revelations. Moreover, two aspects of his story do not jibe. First, how could a man with over 20 years in the automobile industry, including tenures as general manager of two of GM's most influential divisions, be so ill-prepared for the old goats he alleges graze on the 14th floor? Certainly the lower elevations of the GM building, where the Chevrolet headquarters are situated, are not so different from the higher altitudes of the same structure that they would shock and surprise a bright, observant man like DeLorean. Second, if the senior staff of General Motors is such a gang of pecksniffs and buffoons, how is it that the corporation has managed to dominate the automobile business, worldwide, for so many years? One recalls the old sign seen hanging above bars—"If you're so smart, why ain't you rich?"—and is inclined to pose a similar question to DeLorean about his colleagues: "If they're so stupid, why aren't they poor?"

The fact is that many people in the automobile business have long suspected DeLorean's motives, despite his brilliance. He seems to be propelled more by a desire to be an important personality than an important industrialist. Without being too far off-target, someone recently described him as "the Margaret Trudeau of the automobile business." He is a man with a massive ego who, one imagines, dreams of a position similar to that of the legendary Italian automaker, Enzo Ferrari, or to that of the conscience-ravaged young auto-mogul played by Rock Hudson in one of those interchangeable, fantasy-bloated Harold Robbins/Arthur Haley television epics that sketch such a ridiculous caricature of Detroit. DeLorean appears to envision himself as uniquely capable of bridging the gap between the ugly, mundane commercialism of General Motors and the euphoric visions of the 1960s' counterculture, which is probably why he always seemed at GM to be so obsessed about being "with-it." It was, after all, DeLorean who insisted that Chevrolet's entry into the mini-pickup truck market be named "Luv."

Yet, for all his trendy machinations, and for all his whining about the cigar-chomping pragmatism at GM, we should not forget that DeLorean did attempt to abort publication of the book for reasons of simple business. He openly fretted that his old associates would take umbrage and use their vast influence to scuttle his plans to manufacture his own automobile: the DMC-12 (for DeLorean Motor Company). And what kind of car is it? One might assume, coming from a man of such high conscience, it would be a miracle of environmental responsibility: miserly fuel consumption, large cargo and passenger capacity, minuscule emission, etc. It would be, one imagines, a vehicle in which Jane Fonda and her husband might haul Ralph Nader and Barry Commoner to an anti-nuke rally.

But no. DeLorean appears to have fallen victim to the same lusts that infect the 14th floor on Detroit's West Grand Boulevard. His new car will be a high-powered, mid-engined, ultra-zoomy, sporty car intended to transport a pair of affluent boulevardiers in semi-reclining luxury. It will compete with such low-key transportation modules as the Corvette, the Datsun 280ZX, and the Porsche 924, and will sell in the unproletarian price range of $15,000-$20,000. In its way, it makes a much more eloquent statement about DeLorean's social values than all the moral posturing he permits himself in the book.

To be sure, there is plenty of ammunition with which to bombard General Motors. Like the entire domestic industry, GM has been ridiculously slow in responding to clearly evident demands for smaller, more efficient automobiles. It must answer for permitting nearly a quarter of the U.S. car market (and billions of dollars in revenue) to dribble away to the imports from Europe and Japan. It manifestly deserves to be castigated for smugness, provincialism, and technological torpor. It is not news that the American automobile industry as a whole is in a malaise, and, while much of the trouble can be traced to external forces, large dollops of blame can be placed at the doorsteps of the arrogant moguls DeLorean describes in this book. For this reason only the author may qualify, by default, as a force for good, his self-aggrandizement and literary pettiness notwithstanding. □

If You Love Words,
you'll love **VERBATIM**, The Language Quarterly dealing with all aspects of language. Send $5.00 (U.S.) or $5.50 (elsewhere) for a 1-year subscription, starting with the current issue. Money back if not pleased. Allow 6 weeks.
VERBATIM POST OFFICE BOX 668AS ESSEX, CT 06426 U.S.A.

COVER UP WITH SHERLOCK HOLMES

Sherlock Holmes, Dickinson, Faulkner, Joyce, D.H. Lawrence, Neruda, Rimbaud, Thoreau, Tolstoy, Chaplin, Adam and Eve, Gilbert and Sullivan, Mahler, Wagner, Jung, Wittgenstein, Mao, Golda Meir, Adam Smith, John Muir, Neanderthal Man, Van Gogh, Frank L. Wright, Nietzsche, B. Russell, Dracula, Frankenstein, St. Nick, Scrooge, Others, cat. 25.
T-SHIRTS: White $7.4-$25. Red or blue $9.4 $32. S, M, L, XL and children's. **SWEATSHIRTS:** Gray $14.2 $26. S, M, L, XL. **TOTES:** $12.2 $22. **NIGHTSHIRTS:** Red or blue $12.2 $22. S, M, L, only. **APRONS:** $10.2 $18. cotton. prices ppd. Canadian customers add $1.50 per piece.
HISTORICAL PROD. box 220as Cambridge, Ma. 02138

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"I sincerely hope that one of the successes of the women's movement will be to rid society of pestilences such as R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr."

—*Susanna Smith*

Recently, Denver's *Rocky Mountain News* published an article on women's liberation by *The American Spectator*'s editor, R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr. The reaction was so amusing that several of our Denver readers wrote us about the letters to the editor, the picketing of the *News*, and the follow-up story.

Why, we thought, should our Denver readers have all the fun? After all, they already get to enjoy the mountain air, the beautiful scenery, and Coors beer at the source.

So as a public service to our non-Denver readers, we offer excerpts of the published letters to the *Rocky Mountain News* chastising our gentle editor.

•

"I am both sad and angry that the *News* would print 'Women of the Fevered Brow' by R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr. . . . blatant and ugly sexism. . . ."

Megan B. McClard
Asst. Prof. of Women's Studies
Metropolitan State College

"Think Emmett . . . because it would be unlikely for you to feel."

Martha M. Urioste, Ph.D.
Min King, Educator

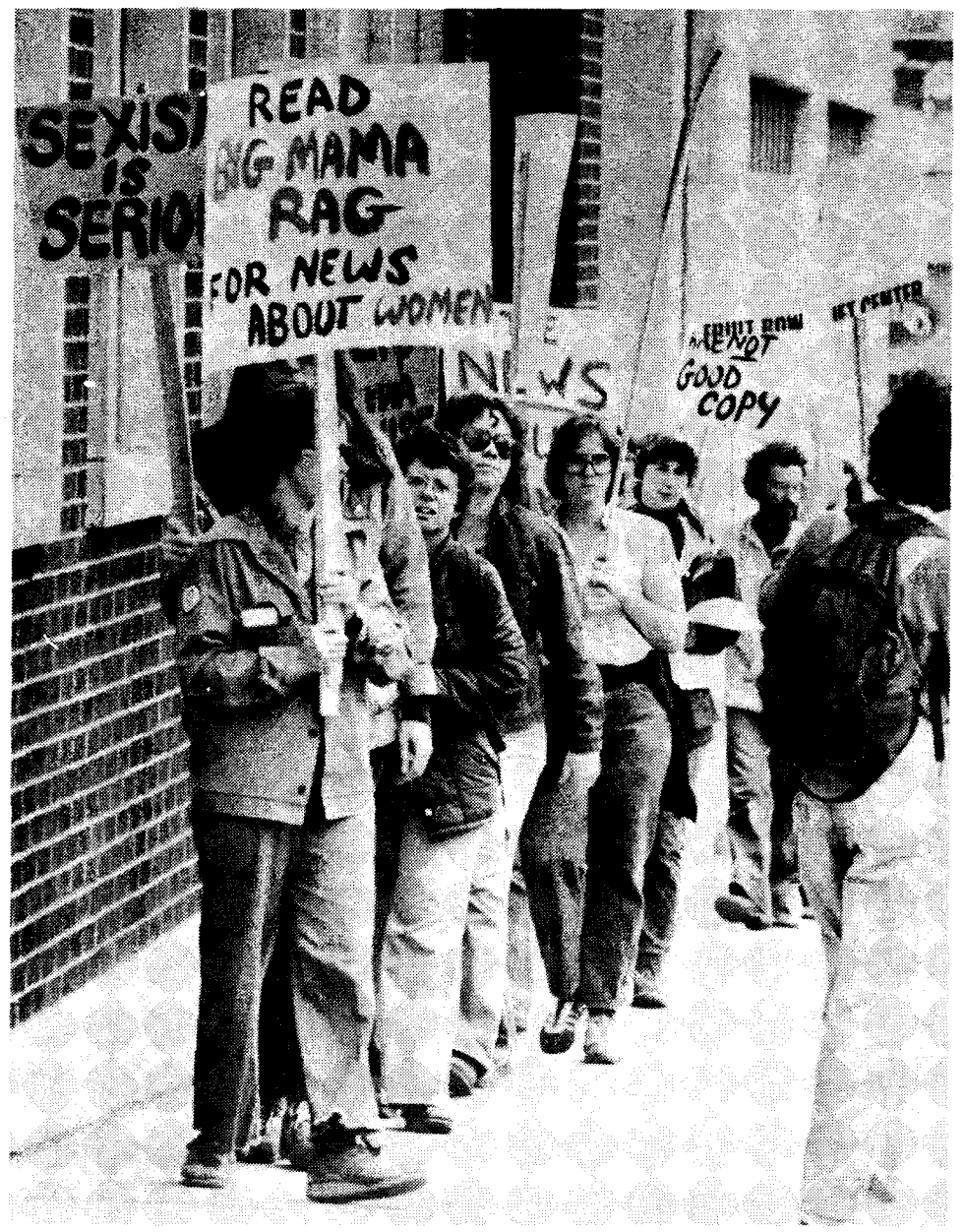
". . . a name-calling smear of the women's movement and its dedicated leaders. . . . Does not a newspaper have the obligation to point out to its readers that an article is unfactual and, in fact, badly written and offensive? I believe in freedom of the press, but was taught that it implied responsibility—a responsibility to inform readers accurately."

Marcia Morrison Willcoxon

"May I suggest that he 'liberate' himself from such an artificial restriction of his personhood?"

Carrie Richerson

•



TYRRELL'S CONTENTED CUSTOMERS

Such thoughtful comments suggest that *The American Spectator* is unlikely to become required reading for the sensitive and idealistic of the Republic.

After all, *The American Spectator*'s editor revels in treating venerable world leaders and trendy "movements" with puckish irreverence.

So if you are an aspiring intellectualoid, *The American Spectator* is poison. Stick with *Ms.* or *Ontology Today.* But if you hold to *complicated* views of the world that bustles beyond your nose, if you delight in forming your own opinions, and if you want to know what some of the best writers in America are saying to discomfit some of the most preposterous lightweights, read *The American Spectator.*

Subscribe to *The American Spectator* today, and get in touch with *your* personhood.

THE
AMERICAN SPECTATOR®

102 West Sixth Street, P.O. Box 1969, Bloomington, Indiana 47402

Please enter my own ☐ new ☐ renewal subscription for
☐ 1 year (twelve issues) at $12
☐ 2 years at $22 ☐ 3 years at $30

Please send ..... one-year subscriptions ($12 per gift)

Total enclosed: $.....

Please print additional names and addresses on a separate sheet.

PLEASE PRINT

My name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Gift for: _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Gift card to read from "_____"

X91

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED